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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE news of the week is the cold weather all over the Continent and the prospect of a white Christmas in England, the intense misery amongst the poor and hungry in all countries—especially in the blockaded areas of Spain, on the German-Polish frontier, where refugees are actually starving to death in the open fields, among the underfed population in Germany and amongst the British unemployed, who have found a new way of calling attention to their misery by lying down in the middle of Oxford Circus. Exciting news comes from Spain, where the whole of Franco's programme has gone awry. Mediation proposals were being worked out in Paris with Señor Madariaga as the presiding genius, belligerent rights were to come from Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Rome and to coincide with a great offensive against Catalonia. Mr. Chamberlain has had to promise not to grant belligerent rights without the Non-Intervention Committee, and the offensive has been baulked by what appears to be a very serious revolt behind Franco's lines. Franco seems to have arrested a large number of dissident officers, and there are reports of wholesale executions. If the secret plans for his offensive were revealed this was no mere act of an individual, but apparently part of a scheme designed to win general support from patriotic Spaniards, who are ready to turn upon the Germans and Italians in Spain and link up in a common policy with the Negrin Government. From the point of view of Hitler, Mussolini and Mr. Chamberlain, the Spanish Government has been an unconscionable time a' dying; to-day with large supplies of food arriving in Catalonia and this news of revolt on Franco's side, there is fresh hope that in Spain at least the Fascist plans will be defeated.

Civilian Defence

Parliament has decided to give Sir John Anderson's scheme for voluntary registration a short lease of life—on trial. In the terms of the resolution moved by the Government on Tuesday, recruitment of volunteers (except from scheduled exempt occupations) will begin in a month's time, and the results will be reviewed by the House towards the end of March. This promise that the decision against a nation-wide compulsory register will be reconsidered after an experimental period of three months spiked the guns of the Right-wing Tory critics of the voluntary principle. On the Labour side the General Council of the T.U.C. and the National Council of Labour have fully discussed the position and issued a statement disapproving of compulsion, but declaring that "if the Government's scheme is to be a genuinely democratic and voluntary one providing for adequate representation of the organised workers" the Labour movement is prepared "to co-operate in such a scheme for civilian defence."

The Conservative press taunts the Labour Opposition with preferring to see England defenceless rather than conscripted. Labour's answer is that before the nation can fairly be asked to accept in peace-time a permanent regimentation of its life it must be told clearly what role our armed forces are to play, and what measures will be taken to conscript the country's capitalist industrial mechanism. In the case of A.R.P. the decision to concentrate on steel shelters, which may or may not be sound policy in itself, suggests to the Government's critics that the first result will be additional profits for the members of the Steel Federation.

Japan Protests

The old dispute between Japan and Russia over fishing rights in Far Eastern waters is again in a troublesome stage, and a new impasse in the long drawn out negotiations is reported as we write. But it is Washington—and in a less degree London—rather than Moscow that is causing the most serious concern at the moment to the Japanese. The United States has granted credits to China amounting to $25,000,000, and intends, it is stated, to continue the process. This has been denounced by Mr. Arita, the Japanese Foreign Minister, as "inopportune and regrettable," and his protest presumably applies to the similar action which the British Government also has at long last been induced to consider in the interests of British trade as well as of China. Japan, of course, has no real case, either juridical or moral, against the Western Powers. The boot indeed is on the other foot. To aid China, which is a friendly country, is, as Mr. Morganthau says, no breach of America's neutrality; while America and the European Powers have serious grounds of complaint against Japan for her flagrant discrimination against their commerce in China. The Japanese aims have long ceased to be a secret. They are, in one word, to make a vassal of China and to close the door there to all trade by the Western Powers. But Chinese resistance is very far from done with, and it will be stiffened (as it ought to have been long ago) by financial backing from abroad. Hence these tears, and curses, in Tokio.

The Persecution of the Jews

More plans for the robbery or expulsion of Jews are reported from one quarter and another. A new decree issued in Rome specifies the methods to be used in confiscating Jewish property in excess of the legal maximum. In Rumania there is talk of a scheme by which 150,000 Jews will be emigrated within the next three years. Their removal will apparently be "assisted" by the Government, which will grant them free passports and travel facilities. Where they are to go to nobody of course knows. "Palestine and other places" are mentioned airily, and the friendly co-operation of Great Britain and France is counted on. In Danzig a more drastic and rapid purge is expected, according to accounts from Warsaw. All the Danzig Jews—estimated at a total between 4,000 and 6,000—are to be cleared out before April 1st with no more than a few pounds in their pockets. Their destination again is uncertain; but the latest report says that it is Palestine—that, in fact, the Jewish community in Danzig has itself decided to go there in a body and that arrangements are already in hand for the move. But when was the consent of the Mandatory given? Perhaps the Colonial Secretary will throw some light on the matter.

Dr. Schacht's Diplomacy

The Reichsbank President came to London, failed to conquer, and the German Government saw glimmerings of a red light. Such, in outline, appears to be the history of the latest essay in totalitarian commercial diplomacy by Dr. Schacht. His visit had two purposes: first, to hold out hopes of a quantitative Anglo-German overseas market pact—illusory, of course, but sufficient, it was hoped in Berlin, to dissuade the British Government from pressing forward too vigorously with its plans for placing additional credit guarantees behind a British export drive. Secondly, Dr. Schacht produced the impudent proposal that Britain, France, Holland and the U.S.A. should accept "additional" imports from Germany—the datum level being that of the pre-pogrom period—and that one-third of the proceeds should be available for exchange-transfer of capital left in the hands of Jewish emigrants from Germany. The balance was to be at Germany's free disposal for the strengthening of her war potential. Dr. Schacht returned to Berlin with the assurance (call it a partial victory from his standpoint) that the Export Credits Bill will not become law for six weeks at earliest, and that the British Government is favourably, if non-committally, inclined towards an export market entente with Germany. But he found that the formerly pro-German City circles had been seriously estranged by the fear that, where Jews are concerned, National Socialism may be indistinguishable from Bolshevism in disregarding the sacred rights of property. His scheme for securing a profit in free exchange out of Semitic exports "on hoof" was coldly received, and the German Government is now reported to be offering to use the whole of the proceeds of "additional" exports for transfer of emigré funds. Even on these lines the proposal would be quite unacceptable.

The Child as Collective Heir

Ten years ago the Government of Sweden passed a very useful little law, whereby, in cases of intestacy, the property of deceased persons went to the State in the absence of near relatives. The results have not been spectacular; but already over five and a half-million kronor have become public property under the law. By its provisions this money has to be used entirely for schemes of child and infant welfare; and it has been actually applied to building "summer colonies" for poor children from tuberculous households or from areas in which malnutrition is prevalent. In addition, permanent homes for abnormal children have been provided or subsidised out of the fund, and grants have been made to creches and infant welfare centres of various types. On a small scale, this is surely an admirable example of social legislation at nobody's expense. The distant relatives who no longer inherit have no shadow of legitimate grievance, as the law applies only in cases of intestacy; and the benefits accrue to sections of the community for whom the widest sympathy is felt. Once more, albeit in a small way, Sweden has shown that the resources of non-controversial social reform are not exhausted.

Towards Exchange Control?

The reimposition of control over foreign issues had been expected in view of the increasing adverse balance of payments in recent months. Re-armament adds to imports,

whereas the falling off of world trade has reduced exports; and at the same time there has been a growing tendency, due to political causes, to withdraw capital from the London market and place it elsewhere—principally in the United States. These forces have involved a constant pressure upon sterling. The Exchange Equilisation Account is known to have lost a considerable amount of gold, not only on account of foreign withdrawals, but also because of the adverse trading balance and the investment of British funds abroad. The re-imposing of the semi-official control over foreign issues which was relaxed last February is, in the circumstances, a very mild measure; and there are so many loopholes that it is unlikely to produce much effect. If this country is n for prolonged and extensive re-armament under the perpetual threat of war, there is much to be said for the view that the best course is to equip the Government at once with full powers of foreign exchange control, even if for the present these powers need be but lightly used. Doubtless, some more of the foreign money at present in London would be frightened away; but would not that be a good thing? This "hot" money has certain advantages, no doubt; but it is a perpetual source of instability in monetary conditions.

Accidents in Mines

The Royal Commission on Safety in Mines has taken three years in making the report published this week; and the conclusions, like the investigations which led up to them, involve a huge mass of technical detail. They do not lend themselves easily to either summary or comment; but the fact that the report is unanimous, apart from a fairly small number of reservations, shows that good progress has been made. The Commission wants increased powers for the paid inspectors, regular workmen's inspection of the pits once a quarter, without prejudice to the miners' right to demand an inspection at other times increased staff and powers for the Mines Department, the raising of the minimum age of employment to 15, with training before going underground, and a huge number of other improvements in the existing law. The most important reservation comes from Mr. Edwards, Secretary of the M.F.G.B., who regrets that the Commission has paid inadequate attention to the dangers caused by speed-up, mechanisation and the new forms of piece-work in the mines, and that there are no proposals for shorter hours or for dealing with these problems. He also wants the minimum age raised to 16. The incidence of colliery accidents, despite new regulations and much research, has remained practically unchanged for the past fifteen years; and Mr. Edwards argues that new causes of accidents have been created as fast as old ones have been brought under control. The report itself says that no considerable reduction in accidents can be expected from its proposals, unless there is full collaboration between owners, management and miners.

The Postman's Christmas Box

At the close of the long arbitration upon wages and salaries in the Post Office, the postal workers have secured substantial concessions, though by no means all that they have claimed. The award, which is estimated to cost over a million a year—not so large a sum when it has to be spread over 160,000 workers—raises the maximum rates for most of the grades of labour affected, the increases varying from 2*s.* to 6*s.* 6*d.* a week. A number of supplementary awards, dealing with smaller grades, have still to come, but will follow in general the lines of the award for the most numerous grades of employees. Moreover, the considerable engineering side of the Post Office was not included in the arbitration proceedings, and will press for corresponding concessions in the near future. One question which came prominently before the tribunal in the proceedings was the great increase in speeding-up, especially in the telephone and sorting departments of the Post Office. More and more, communication is becoming a highly mechanical industry, subject to the same methods of drive as rationalised factory employment. The telephone-girl and the sorter are nowadays mass-producers, almost as much as the employees of Henry Ford or Lord Nuffield.

Farmers in Distress

The sheep farmers are promised further protection through regulation of Empire mutton imports, but Mr. Morrison has not succeeded in placating the irate barley growers. With one eye doubtless on the by-election pending in East Norfolk, the Government has come half-heartedly to their assistance. In respect of this year's crop the subsidy payable under the Agricultural Act is to be raised to £1 per acre; and growers who have elected to take wheat deficiency payments under the Wheat Act this season can reconsider their decision and apply for the increased barley subsidy. In view of the present slump in barley prices help could hardly have been withheld. But the whole question of the cereal subsidies needs reconsideration. As the Acts now stand, farmers can apply for deficiency payments in respect of either wheat or barley but not both. Since the wheat subsidy on the average is treble that payable on barley, most growers have preferred to qualify under the Wheat Act. But why should a barley field belonging to Farmer Jones, who grows no wheat, be subsidised, while the neighbouring barley field in Farmer Brown's predominantly wheat-growing farm is left to bear unaided the brunt of low prices? There is no logic discernible in this distinction, and a deputation this week of members for agricultural constituencies has pressed Mr. Morrison strongly to sanction subsidisation of both wheat and barley acreage on a single farm.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for December 31st will contain the first of two contributions by Mr. E. M. Forster which will take the place of the London Diary during Critic's absence on a fortnight's holiday.

The issue will also include the first of the series of conversations on Democracy and Efficiency already announced. This will give the views of Mr. Herbert Morrison, followed in successive weeks by those of Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. J. M. Keynes, and others to be announced later.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
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THE WAY OF THE PEACEMAKER

EVERY sane man wants peace. Is there anyone who does not agree with all that the Prime Minister can say about the horrors and incalculable results of war and the futility of victory, let alone the miseries of defeat? The division over foreign politics which now cuts broad and deep across this country is about the most likely way of maintaining peace. Those who have opposed the Government's foreign policy have always feared that sooner or later the unchecked advance of Fascism would lead to a situation in which no efforts could prevent war. They have asked that sensible steps should be taken to prevent such a situation arising, and complained of the constant neglect of opportunities to stop the terrifying drift towards chaos. Peace is the outcome not of complacency, but of foresight, prudence, concession on the bad issue and firmness on the good.

To-day things have so far deteriorated, so many opportunities have been lost and the customary laws of international intercourse have been so much weakened that every policy is attended by risks. Situations which could have been saved only a few months ago have now passed beyond the control of reason; and it is no service to peace or to reason to pretend, as the Prime Minister, Sir John Simon and the *Times* pretend, that frontiers are now being revised by consent or in accordance with any principle of justice. Europe is under the rule of naked force more ruthless and more insatiable than any it has known since the days of Napoleon. In such circumstances nobody complains that the Prime Minister has deserted the traditional forms of diplomatic intercourse and substituted the method of personal talks with the dictators. The complaint is that he appears to have nothing to say on behalf of any of the causes for which we stand when he does see the dictators. There was something a little pathetic about his complaint in the House of Commons that his critics seemed to suspect him of all sorts of bad intentions in his coming visit to Rome.

Why is he going to Rome? To improve our relationships with Italy is the official version, and now, after a barrage of questions and an outspoken debate in the House of Commons, he has apparently agreed not to arrange with Mussolini to grant belligerent rights to Franco, or to promise Italy Tunisia, Somaliland, a share in the Suez Canal, or France's rights on the Jibouti railway. If the Tory Right as well as the Liberal and Labour Opposition ask for promises and guarantees on these matters, it is because, as the result of bitter experience, they are not sure that the Prime Minister will not simply hand things over on a plate without any return or genuine agreement. Never for a moment does Mr. Chamberlain display any realisation of the avowed aims of Germany and Italy, any understanding of the ghastly fate of peoples who fall under Fascist rule, nor any appreciation that he is the head of a country where the majority of people still prefer to exercise their influence on the side of those who rightly struggle to be free. On the contrary, the policy of the present British and French Governments is to fall in with the Fascist programme—the destruction of Spanish democracy, the absorption of small nations, the ruthless exploitation of African peoples, the conquest of China, and, finally, the Nazi drive to the East which is to culminate in the break-up of the U.S.S.R. Their principal difficulty is collaborating in this programme lies in the doubt whether the Fascist Powers will accept our collaboration or whether they will not insist on the destruction of Britain and France in the course of the proceedings.

If Mr. Chamberlain were going to Rome to negotiate with Mussolini on some genuine dispute or to warn him of the dangers of the persistent policy of blackmail he would not complain that the doubts and questions of his critics were offensive. He would welcome such expressions of public opinion as strengthening his hand in negotiation with a tough customer. The only occasion on which he attempted to negotiate with Hitler over Czechoslovakia was at Godesberg, when he wrote to the Führer, not indeed demanding a fair deal for the Czechs, but reminding him that British and French opinion could not be expected to stand terms that went beyond those that the Führer had already accepted at Berchtesgaden. Criticism of his action at Berchtesgaden would have aided, not impeded, any genuine negotiations with Germany. But when we remember that in fact British opinion was totally disregarded at Munich and that the influence of France and Britain was exerted not on behalf of the Czechs but on behalf of Germany, is it surprising that we fear the results of his visit to Rome?

Above all we fear for Spain. Badgered, the Government has promised not to grant Franco belligerent rights until the conditions laid down by the Non-intervention Committee have been fulfilled. But this promise is cold comfort, while British ships carrying food to the starving population of Government Spain are sunk by Italian aeroplanes within call of British battleships. Mr. Butler in the House on Monday was not sure just how many British sailors had been killed and wounded in these raids; our information is that 45 British sailors have been killed during this war, while the total number of British ships attacked is now well over 200. It is no good in this case for Mr. Chamberlain or anyone else to tell us that his policy means peace and that the only alternative is war. The policy of the Nyon Agreement, which was not in the least bellicose, but merely a prevention of piracy by British and French naval action in waters which have always been under their control, could be pursued with safety to-day. Does Mr. Chamberlain pretend that there would be a European war if we granted the Spanish Government the ordinary rights of any legitimate State dealing with a rebellion? What colourable excuse can he give for refusing to sell munitions and above all anti-aircraft guns to a friendly State which is trying to put down a rebellion, which has been invaded by foreign Powers and whose civilian population suffers the daily agony of repeated bombings from the air, though it itself refrains from reprisals in kind? No wonder that members of the Opposition become exasperated at assurances from the Prime Minister that he accepts the Duce's word that he has only sent 200 soldiers to replace men recently withdrawn, when only the other day the Foreign Secretary complacently announced that Mussolini had made it clear that he would not be content with anything less than victory for General Franco. What is Mr. Chamberlain going to say in Rome about all this? That it is very wrong for British ships to carry out legitimate trade in Spain, that the principle of self-determination

justifies German and Italian occupation of the Spanish peninsula, and that a Spain conquered by a puppet Spaniard with the help of foreign aeroplanes, foreign munitions and foreign soldiers is another example of the revision of frontiers in the interests of justice and peace?

To-day there are many signs that Conservatives as well as Liberal and Labour adherents are at length waking to the fact that the Fascist war in Spain is part of a war against Britain and France, that their victory would mean that French communication with Africa would be cut and that the Mediterranean would become a Fascist lake. They have realised that France would be encircled and helpless and that the Government of Spain, so far from being, as propaganda suggests, composed of ruffians, anarchists, communists and atheists, is in fact representative of all that is most courageous, cultured and progressive in the Spanish peninsula. This Government has now created amidst infinite difficulties an army of 800,000 men, which is fighting what perhaps is the decisive battle for the democratic cause in Europe. France refuses to aid this Government and this army, and Britain deliberately connives in the blockade. With what face can a Government which adopts such a policy turn to the people of this country and ask them to make sacrifices in order that we may defend our liberties? At Munich the forces ready to collaborate in defending British and French liberties were immensely weakened. Conscription in Britain, totalitarian rearmament, the greatest imaginable sacrifices —could any of these ever make up for the loss of a Czech army of 1,000,000 highly trained men, for the munition works and resources of Czechoslovakia and its allies, and for the loss of the blockading power of the British fleet, which can no longer be effective once the road to the Ukraine and to Baghdad is controlled by Germany? It is arguable that this immense loss in democratic power was justifiable for the sake of immediate peace; can it ever be argued that on any grounds of peace, decency or any other plea we are right in sacrificing the Spanish democracy which is now defending the British front on the Ebro?

This is the test question which has divided England from top to bottom, but which is every day dividing it less. The pro-Franco party in England is dwindling; those who realise that the last chance of maintaining freedom in the West will be gone if Mr. Chamberlain hands over Spain to Mussolini and Hitler are a rapidly growing majority. There is a formidable revolt of Under-Secretaries, who complain, reasonably enough, about the inefficiency of British rearmament. We should be better pleased if they boldly pointed out that no possible rearmament can bring us security if we side with those who plot our destruction and watch our allies destroyed one by one.

If the British Premier knew how to use the opportunity, Rome might be the right place to begin the difficult task of pulling some of the chestnuts out of the fire. But that could only be if Mr. Chamberlain knew what he was going to say to the Duce and if the gist of his message was that, while above all anxious for peace and willing to discuss any grievance that Italy might have against the framers of the Peace Treaties, Britain insisted without doubt or qualification on the total withdrawal of Italian intervention in Spain and on a genuinely Spanish settlement in that country in accordance with the wishes of the majority of her citizens and with the recognition of the vital needs of Britain and France in the Western Mediterranean.

THE NEW CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

IT is already nearly a month since the so-called "Final Settlement" of the German-Czechoslovak frontiers was "agreed" between the principal countries concerned and formally approved by the International Commission. Germany is apparently satisfied (for the time being, at any rate) since Herr von Ribbentrop has declared her willingness to guarantee the "adjusted" frontiers; indeed, she has every cause to be satisfied, for, almost without firing a shot or sacrificing a single life, she has effectually eliminated the Czechoslovak Republic (and all that it stood for) from the chessboard of European politics. It is thus possible, for the first time since October 1st, to assess the changes which have taken place.

Czecho-Slovakia has lost close on 5,000,000 citizens and some 19,000 square miles of her territory—about one-third of her former population and area. At first sight, this may seem not unreasonable, and indeed only what was to be expected if she is to be "relieved" of her racial minorities, who constituted just about the same proportion (one-third) of her population, though even on that basis it would appear that the benefit of the doubt had always been given against her. The official figures recently published by the Statistics Bureau in Prague reveal, however, a far less satisfactory state of affairs. It is true that in the new Czecho-Slovakia the three State nationalities (Czechs, Slovaks and Ruthenes) total 93.4 per cent. of the population, but it is also true, on the other hand, that no fewer than 1,161,616 Czechs and Slovaks and 36,880 Ruthenes have now gone to swell the numbers of the minorities in Germany, Poland and Hungary. These figures are not absolutely final, as they may still be affected by the exercise of the right of option in Czecho-Slovakia and Germany.

It was always realised, of course, that Zones 1 to 4, which were occupied by Germany on October 1st to 7th, represented but a minor part of what Herr Hitler had demanded in his Godesberg ultimatum, and that Germany would do her utmost to recoup herself, when it came to determining which other districts were "of predominantly German character." The definition of these areas was entrusted to an ostensibly International Commission composed of the representatives of the four Powers of Munich, but in actual fact it was the Military Sub-commission, entirely dominated by Germany, which told the International Commission what to do, and the latter, after a while, always agreed. The effects of this arrangement were made apparent as early as October 6th, when the decisions of the International Commission regarding the "Fifth Zone" were published. No possibility of further illusions remained after October 10th, when, backed by the full authority of the four Powers, German troops occupied territories which were beyond question predominantly, if not entirely, Czech. So great were the German gains under this "international" decision, and so obvious was it that the International Commission was no more than a rubber stamp to give official sanction to any decision arrived at independently by Germany, that the clause in the Munich Agreement relating to a plebiscite in "doubtful areas" was, by general agreement, left in abeyance. The Czecho-Slovak Government decided henceforth to save time and to avoid further farces by negotiating directly with Berlin, and the "final" frontiers established are much worse, for the Czechs, than were those demanded by the Godesberg ultimatum, and have been determined in complete disregard of the principles of "justice" and "self-determination" on which the Munich Agreement was pretended to be based.

Wherever economic and strategic considerations were in question they have been decided in favour of Germany at the expense of her victim. The new frontiers have been drawn, with obvious deliberateness, in such a manner as to cut the important railway lines of Czecho-Slovakia. The only exception would appear to be at Hodslavice, where the town, with 99.9 per cent. of its population Czech, was transferred to Germany, while the important railway junction of the same name, lying some miles away from the town, has, no doubt inadvertently,

been left in Czecho-Slovakia! Among the more glaring examples of injustice are the allocation of the Czech town of Ervěnice, where the electrical power station which supplies Prague is situated, and the Czech district of Březova, which contains the reservoir which supplies water to Brno, the capital of Moravia. Many further examples could be quoted also from a list of 21 small towns, with an aggregate population of 106,000 Czechs and only 24,000 Germans, which have been allocated to Germany for various reasons. Here are a few typical cases:

Name of Town.	Population.		Remarks.
	Czech.	German.	
Znojmo ..	11,691	7,988	Railway junction.
Postorná ..	3,503	285	Railway junction.
Polička ..	4,034	90	Explosives factory.
Štramberk ..	3,200	47	Cement works.
Petřkovice ..	2,249	311	Railway works.
Svinov ..	3,035	411	Broadcasting station (Moravská Ostrava).
Trebovice ..	1,751	71	New electrical power station to supply Moravská Ostrava.
Kopřivnice ..	3,968	697	Tatra Motor Works and also the largest railway-carriage works in Central Europe.

The last of these, the town of Kopřivnice, is a particularly scandalous case, for it was not included in the territories demanded in the Godesberg ultimatum, and was not, indeed, asked for until Herr Funck, having gone hot-foot from Munich to the Balkans "with an order book in one hand and a pistol in the other," came back from Turkey with a big contract for railway carriages. Finding, presumably, that all the works in Germany were busily engaged on German war preparations, he seems to have demanded that the International Commission should help him out of his awkward predicament by giving him the Czech works at Kopřivnice. One wonders whether payment for this contract, which might otherwise, presumably, have been placed in Britain, will be made out of the loan granted to Turkey this summer by London! Another scandalous case, though of a somewhat different type, is seen in the district of Moravský Krumlov, part of which, running like an appendix into a predominantly Czech part of Southern Moravia, has been ceded to Germany. This also did not figure in the Godesberg demands, but has been ceded as the result of subsequent pressure. Its population consists of 9,506 Czechs and 8,023 Germans, but the scandal lies rather in the fact that within it lie the lands which formed part of the estate of a certain Count Kinský until they were transferred (with due compensation to the Count) to its peasant owners in accordance with the provisions of the Czechoslovak Land Reform Act of 1919. Now that these lands are in Germany, their transfer will be annulled (this time, of course, without compensation to the owners), and Count Kinský (a man with strong Nazi sympathies who entertained Lord Runciman for a week-end during his "mediating" mission in Czecho-Slovakia) will become once more a wealthy landowner!

Frontier changes in the eastern parts of the Czechoslovak Republic, though carried out with less hypocrisy, have been no less in contradiction to the pretended principles of the Munich Agreement. The districts which Poland so unchivalrously seized at a time when Czecho-Slovakia was not in a position to defend her claims have a population which is only 30 per cent. Polish, and their transfer, while permitting the "rescue" of some 80,000 Poles, has increased the Czechoslovak Minority in Poland to over 180,000. Czecho-Slovakia has, moreover, lost to Poland important economic resources and a vitally important railway junction: that she has not lost the town of Moravská Ostrava is due, say the cynics, to the fact that this summer Lloyds Bank acquired from the Vienna branch of the Rothschilds their interests in the Vitkovice steel-works. Hungary's gains are, on the whole, less open to criticism, though there can be no justification for the transfer to Hungary of such towns as Košice, in Slovakia, and Uzhorod and Mukačevo, in Ruthenia, in all of which the Hungarians are in a definite minority. Hungarian expansion has, however, had a disastrous effect on the east-west rail and road communications of Czecho-Slovakia.

It was understood that, in return for her "neutralisation" and as a reward for her "self-sacrifice," these new frontiers would be internationally guaranteed, but Mr. Chamberlain has explained that, so far at least as Britain is concerned, this guarantee is only "against unprovoked aggression" and is not intended to prevent agreed changes of frontier—such, presumably, as that which was entailed by the recent "agreed" cession to Germany of a "Sixth Zone" almost purely Czech. Under such circumstances it is obvious that the economic and internal political life of Czecho-Slovakia will inevitably be subject to a considerable amount of influence from Berlin. The extent to which this influence becomes predominant depends very largely on the amount of financial assistance which she receives from the Western democracies, notably Britain and the United States.

In the political sphere the situation is not dissimilar. Power has, for the time being, passed into the hands of the Right, but, particularly in the Czech provinces, the Left is by no means dead or moribund. In Slovakia, where 20 years of tolerant Czechoslovak democracy has not been sufficient for the creation of a democratic tradition, Catholic Fascism is supreme and is already being exploited by the Nazis as a weapon for the disruption of the democratic republican structure of the whole State. In Bohemia and Moravia, however, there is ample evidence, even in Parliament, that the spirit which carried the Czechs through 300 years of Austrian domination to the achievement of democratic freedom in 1918 is very much alive, and the disaffection of the Slovaks is having the effect of reviving loyalty among certain Czechs who were tending to desert the grand tradition of Presidents Masaryk and Benes. The Government is as good as could be expected under the existing circumstances, and seems likely to be at least efficient in its administration. The Opposition, composed of the new National Labour Party, is still feeling its way, seeming to err somewhat in the direction of timidity. The refusal of its leaders to admit ex-Communists into their ranks may have been dictated partly by fear of German intervention, but there is a suspicion that it was inspired also by the sectarian spirit of the old Social-Democrats. It is the suspicion that the National Labour Party is merely a less effective Social-Democrat Party, and that it intends to collaborate with, rather than to oppose, the Government which probably accounts for the unexpectedly small support which it has received from the former Czech National Socialists; if that suspicion gains wider currency the Party may well lose much of its support among the masses and thus become quite ineffective.

Among the general public there is very little defeatism, although it is realised that for the time being nothing much can be done to reverse the tragedy of Munich. The campaign against ex-President Benes, on account of his supposed responsibility for the national disaster, no longer finds favour with the public, and it is significant that as a result of popular agitation the portraits of Presidents Masaryk and Benes, which had been removed by Government decree from all public buildings have now been replaced in the Schools and in the Law Courts. Fighting on these several fronts at once, the Czech democrats have urgent need of inspiration and encouragement from abroad, and it would seem, therefore, a matter of urgent importance that closer contact should be established with them and should be maintained by all those who are in opposition to the policy of Munich; full advantage should be taken of the independence and neutrality of their country, however nominal these may be, before the forces of reaction contrive to close the doors, as they have in most other countries of Central Europe.

EDGAR P. YOUNG

A LONDON DIARY

HITLER promised us a peaceful Christmas. There are two bits of good news; the revolt which has held up Franco's offensive and the fully confirmed reports that the German people were deeply disturbed by the danger of war in September and have grumbled as much as they have dared about the persecution of the Jews. But this may tend to hasten rather than retard the Führer's next spring, and reports agree that leave is stopped in the German army in February and that there is every sign of at least partial mobilisation—requisition of transport, etc.—within the next two months. Opinion varies about the direction of the coup: Lithuania may be swallowed up with Memel; and the oppressed minority in the Polish Ukraine is apparently to be delivered by the Nazis. Some at least of Italy's claims against France are to be backed by Germany. What else? Some anticipate war with the U.S.S.R. in the Soviet Ukraine; others fear a drive for German Switzerland, Denmark or Rumania (with Hungary as the nominal claimant). My own guess is that the drive against Poland comes first. Some observers, however, report that the extreme group round Hitler are urging a swift attack on Britain beginning with the occupation of Belgium and Holland; they note with alarm that while the French upper classes show increasing signs of preferring Hitler to the Popular Front, M. Bonnet, who is Hitler's best friend in France, thinks it necessary to say twice within one week that France would stand by Britain in the event of an attack. He said, you recall, the same thing about Czechoslovakia. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, a Merry Christmas to us all.

* * *

Rumours of a revolt by the Under-Secretaries have at last matured with a definite demand for the removal of certain members of the Cabinet. Mr. Hore-Belisha is no longer approved by the Army Chiefs and is the principal target in the attack. The Simonites, it seems, are rallying to support Mr. Hore-Belisha, but I expect considerable changes in the government after Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Rome. Whether we should be in a more or less precarious position with a new Tory government or even with another Conservative leader than Mr. Chamberlain, I am by no means sure. We may only get another reshuffle, or, if the revolt is sufficiently serious, a general election. One Minister whom I expect to see changed before long is Mr. Morrison, who has found, like Mr. Elliot before him, that the problem of British agriculture cannot be tackled by a Conservative Government or, indeed, in my view, without something that amounts to land nationalisation. Mr. Morrison has had no luck; there was more good than bad in his Milk Bill. The enigmatic figure behind this revolt is Lord Baldwin who has taken Mr. Eden under his special protection. It would not surprise me if Lord Baldwin plays a very important part in the next British Government.

* * *

I have received an interesting report on the Kinross By-Election from Mass Observation. They say that about 6 per cent of the population has been to election meetings, but that in the villages as many as a third of the people may have heard the issues argued from the platform. This repeats Bridgwater, and refutes the idea that it is more difficult to get political propaganda across in rural constituencies. In the village a political meeting is a social affair and there are no cinemas or other social functions to compete. Of course, Kinross is, from the London point of view, a very remote spot. The Council of Action's loud speaker attracted great attention; it was the first loud speaker that the people had ever heard. Nearly half the population have never been to London and find even more difficulty than Londoners in regarding foreign affairs as the most important topic. Mr. Snadden, according to Mass Observation, "starts each speech by saying that he has talked about agriculture and home affairs at previous meetings and so now will talk about foreign affairs. He is one of the largest farmers in the area. He and the Duchess both plug foreign affairs to the virtual exclusion of all other subjects. But nearly all the questions are about home affairs and the questioners often get the biggest response from the audience." Mr. Snadden has dropped the word "appeasement" from his vocabulary and talks about "peace by understanding," while the Duchess of Atholl, though of course very well up in local matters, is said to give rather too much the impression of "a school mistress giving a class a difficult geography lesson." Here are some local "reactions." A working-class woman:

> Oh, the Duchess is a fine woman, she is an' all. Ye know she will get in. I don't know much about politics, but I do know, if the Duchess says Mr. Chamberlain is wrong, he canna be right. Home policy is more important to us people here because we're farmers and it's a shame to way they want to stop us growing big potatoes. I've never been to London and I don't know that I would go if I could. We have to work hard for the little money we get.

Here is a typical comment—this time from a middle-class woman:

> I think that things which concern us intimately are most important. I don't know anything about these foreign affairs, so I don't bother with them. My husband does a bit, but he's more interested in agriculture; and even the Duchess agrees with the present system. You see, now we can't grow big potatoes and we can't grow little potatoes, what can we do?

Clearly, under the thin veneer of concern for Czecho-Slovakia in Perthshire, beats a heart of a discontented potato. But another woman puts the Snadden angle:

> I'm voting for Mr. Chamberlain, he saved war. You know I've always been for the Duchess, but you can't do better than what Mr. Chamberlain did, an old man who went to Germany, why they might have killed him.

And a middle-aged Kinross citizen said:

> I was very pleased to hear what the man who spoke for the Duchess said, how they (Italy) would get through the Bay of Biscay. I never knew they could do that. I thought they would have to come through France.

* * *

Last week I expressed my curiosity about the Rev. A. W. Groundwater, the mysterious independent Labour candidate who stood down as inexplicably as he stood up. What Mass Observation tells me suggests that he is a sincere but very muddle-headed person. The Mass Observers who interviewed him reported that he was in tears before the end of their talk. As a regular reader of the *Daily Herald*, he says he had to leave his last ministry as a result of his political views. His candidature received support from a number of Labour Parties and he is well known among Scottish Socialists. He is 58, has had sixteen years experience as a town councillor and once contested Banff for Parliament. His point of view is clear enough. He says, quite truly, that neither the Duchess nor Mr. Snadden stand for any progressive agricultural or home policy. He put his case like this:

> What are the Labour Party doing here? I'll tell you. They are beating the drums up at Blair Atholl there, but they don't see the smile behind their backs that the Duchess must be wearing. So you see, gentlemen, my hands are clear of gain, in fact I have lost money on taxi fares and telephones, but it was a bit of fun. Do you know a reporter of the *Daily Express* offered me a job to write for them over this affair, but I refused it, after the tripe I've read in it; after Hickey and Beachcomber it is nothing.
>
> I met the Duchess a few days ago and we were talking on politics and she said she was getting no Labour help, so I said to her, "Is lying no sin in your life? It is in mine." And, mind you, all the time the Labour men were beating the drums of death up there in Dunkeld. I wouldn't have minded if Labour had kept neutral, but they are actually helping someone who promotes the Capitalist idea of society. Gentlemen, it's not right.

Among the many extraordinary incidents of this election, one of the oddest was the meeting at Perth when Mr. Groundwater saw a poster billing it with his name as Chairman. When he got there the local Labour Party officials refused him permission to come on the platform. He protested. Chairman J. Duncan told him to sit down; in refusing to do so, Mr. Groundwater said: "For this little nincompoop from Perth I have nothing but sublime contempt." The meeting ended in confusion. But Labour help for the Duchess has been local, not national. Mr. Arthur Greenwood visited Perth on

December 17th, in his capacity as trustee to the child-Earl of Kinnoull. He ignored the Duchess. Mass Observers asked the electors what they thought about all this. Ninety-six per cent. favoured two candidates rather than three. Only 15 per cent. thought that foreign policy should be the main issue of the Election.

* * *

The Town Council of a town in the north of England recently moved a respectable family—father, mother, two daughters and a son—out of a derelict cottage into a neat little council house; two rooms and scullery downstairs, three bedrooms up. A few weeks after the move, an official looked in to see that everything was all right. "Well, Mrs. X. all settled in now? How do you like the new quarters?" "Oh, very comfortable indeed. We like them fine. When are the upstairs people moving in?"

* * *

This charming story from a Polish newspaper reaches me from the United States.

An English missionary, in a chat with an old Negro cannibal of the tribe Niam-Niam, told him of the enormous number of victims of the world war.

"How could you," wondered the cannibal, "eat up so much human meat?" "We whites," answered the missionary proudly, "do not eat human beings." "Well, then, what did you kill them for?" asked the cannibal in great astonishment.

* * *

Sagittarius comments on the Mediterranean situation:

For the Duce's delirious ideas,
We can offer but two panaceas;
Either give him Gibraltar,
Suez, Cyprus and Malta—
Or a kick in the Pantellarias.

* * *

This is a true story. The conversation was overheard at a recent public dinner. A distinguished Frenchman was sitting next to Mrs. Chamberlain. He remarked that there had recently been something like a religious revival in France. Mrs. Chamberlain said: "Oh, since Munich, you mean?"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. A. G. White.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Of all the questions that have been raised during the last twelve months in this House at Question Time there has been none on which a stronger feeling has existed among Hon. Members than on the question of slot machines for the sale of contraceptives.—Mr. Simmonds, M.P., in the House of Commons.

It did not matter to brawny Owen Simpson, unemployed joiner, that the tall boy who stood in his path and tried to save a goal was P. A. D. Crichton, son of Sir George Crichton, former Comptroller of the King's Household. He shot straight and true and scored the goal which equalised the teams—two all after extra time.—*Daily Sketch.*

Dr. Stephenson said he would not punish sex perverts. He would say to them: "I hope you will have a better time in another world, but we cannot keep you in this," and then he would put them in a lethal chamber.—*Sunday Express.*

There is a copy of an old edition of "Debrett" in Bedford Prison which helps to while away the lonely hours of the prisoners in their cells.—Preface to the 1939 edition of Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Companionage.

Should nudes bath at night? This question is being heatedly debated in Leeds.

It concerns the statues of "sparsely-dressed young lovelies" who adorn Leeds City Square.

The bathing of the girls usually attracts considerable attention, and it is now suggested that it would be in better taste if their ablutions were carried out under the cloak of darkness.—*Daily Herald.*

SEASONABLE

Odi et amo. How well that expresses my attitude to what is called seasonable weather at Christmas! I do not know who it was who first decided that snow and frost were necessary to the happiness of men, women and children at Christmas, but, whoever he may have been, he must be respected as the inventor of one of the greatest romantic illusions in the history of the human race. No picture of Christmas appeals to the common imagination unless there is snow on the ground. There would be small sales for a Christmas card showing England's land normally green and pleasant on Christmas morning. Robins must have snow to make their red breasts acceptable to the merry-making mind. Church-bells must ring out across the snow: otherwise what difference would there be between Christmas and the ordinary Sabbath. Father Christmas, too, would seem a poor simulacrum of himself if he arrived mopping his brow and complaining of the sultriness of the season before filling the stockings. He must have snow to put the lively sparkle into his eyes and the glow into his cheeks.

I do not know what the weather records say, but I suspect that, fortunately for most of us, this Alpine Christmas of the Christmas cards and of the coloured illustrations in the Christmas numbers has very little basis in fact. I will not go so far as to suggest that the weather on an ordinary Christmas Day is pleasant; but as a rule it is possible to go for a walk without being incommoded by the elements and to drive in the remotest parts of the country without danger of having to be dug out of a snowdrift and without even the discomfort of having to get out of the car every fifty yards to clear the snow from the windscreen in order to be able to see. If man had been a motorist from his beginnings in Eden, it is certain that he would never have invented this coloured-picture Christmas of the pre-motor romantics. To man as a motorist snow is an enemy as ruthless as fog. He is its helpless prisoner, and, if he were given the choice between snow and rain on Christmas Day, he would be tempted, I am afraid, to choose rain.

Not that I wish to malign snow. Every flake of it is beautiful as it falls, and the larger the flake the better. "They're plucking geese in Scotland," my nurse used to say as we watched a heavy fall of snow from the window of the warm nursery; and I half believed that these were the feathers of white birds from across the sea heaping themselves on the window-sill and melting on the panes. That we liked snow is clear, for we had no songs against it like the song against rain which begins: "Rain, rain, go to Spain." Nor was it only as a spectacle seen from the window of a warm room that we were sensitive to its beauty. What child was there ever who did not crave to go out into the falling snow or feel ecstatic under the feathery touch of snow flakes alighting on its face. To love snow as it falls is as natural as to love butterflies. Oft had we heard of Lucy Gray, but we forgot all about her and her sad fate as the snow fell on us in the garden and in the street. To see one's footprints in it—how wonderful! To take it in one's hands and crush its soft beauty into a hard and beautiful ball—how it chilled the fingers and warmed the heart! Snow, indeed, produces a pringle of happiness that is to be had from nothing else in Nature. Among boys—and even among some girls—it awakens the primitive and joyous instinct of combat. They feel so happy at sight of snow lying on the ground that they must fight, and the air becomes thick with white cannon-balls aimed at cheek and chin, or, indeed, for the matter of that, at the back of the neck. A few of the baser sort in the towns used to think it superior sport to mould the snowball round a paving-stone and aim it at a passer-by before running away. But they were sadists, unworthy of the snow, which has always been the symbol of a heart pure from crime.

If we could remain children all our lives, I am sure we should go on liking snow, especially if it never melted under a thaw. But it does melt, and, when a thaw comes in town, snow is

seen even by the most ardent of its partisans to be as unlovely as before it was lovely. Even if it did not melt, however, the grown man would look on snow as three-parts a nuisance. After a fall of snow, members of the House of Commons feel no compulsion in their blood to leave their benches and go out and engage in a snowball battle with the police in Parliament Square. The fattening stockbroker can see a gentle fall of snow from the window of his villa without his artistic instincts being aroused to such a point that he must at all costs go forth and build up a snow man in his own image. Snow is for him simply something that has to be walked through or driven through, and he dislikes it on both accounts. Yet, as he returns from the window to his armchair, no doubt, he has sentimental memories of snow that would make him, if subjected to a questionnaire on the matter, vote in favour of a white Christmas. We all love the white Christmases of the past.

In the same way, most of us love the frosts of the past. Jack Frost, you can tell by his name, was a pleasant fellow. How he patterned the window-panes for our delight! The beginnings of ice on water always seemed a miracle. To find the water frozen in the bedroom water-jug was a good opening for the day. Ice in the water-butt in the yard, ice everywhere—who in that happy age cared if the pipes were frozen! The very pavement had become an avenue of slides on the way to school, and human beings, alas, are never so happy as when they are sliding. I confess to having had a taste for sliding, but not in crowds. I was a slow slider in comparison with the impassioned monsters who, on a crowded slide on a pond, came up behind me, fast as galloping horses, and tumbled me on the ice as they fell themselves. How often I longed to be a good slider! How often I longed to be a good anything! But we often love best the things we are worst at. I am thinking, among other things, of sliding, skating, golf, Rugby football and poetry.

As for skating, it is, I suppose, the most rapturous of all forms of exercise. Even to look at it induces rapture comparable to the pleasure we feel in looking at a perfect ballet. There was a winter when, because of skating, I hoped that the frost would never end. And for a time it seemed as though it were never going to do so. Canals and great lakes became the solid pleasure-grounds of mortals skimming over them on skates, with the speed of swallows. I, too, though incompetently, lived in ecstasy. But do I wish such a winter to return? I do not. To-day there are two kinds of frost, both of them rather bad. There is the frost that comes on an East wind and bites the cheek into insensibility. It blows, or is blown, round street-corners with malice. It discolours the faces of mankind. Clothes cannot defend the shuddering body against it. There is no protection from it even in the house, for it finds out unsuspected chinks in the windows and forces its way through them with the triumphant malignancy of a devil. It would fill even an air-tight room with draughts. I have often spoken well of draughts, but I will never speak well of a draught that comes through a closed window. As for the other kind of frost, it is a still frost, which makes the grass look very beautiful in the morning. Unfortunately, it is often followed by early sunshine, which, by a process that I cannot explain, melts it and turns it into fog, compelling the motorist to slow down on his return home along the arterial roads. This kind of frost, however, is pleasant to breathe and makes the steps of the pedestrian seem curiously light and cheerful. Were it not a fog-bringer, I should like at least a week of it every year.

As it is, I regard the love of frost and snow in a townsman as evidence of what is called infantilism. Perhaps, however, that is not a bad thing. All the best people seem, according to their biographers, to have suffered in some way from arrested development. Hence there may be something to be said for all this romanticisation of a white Christmas. Certainly it looks well on a Christmas card and, in the actual world, it does good in the garden. On second thoughts, I do not object to it nearly so strongly as I imagined. Only a Scrooge could dislike those trees hung with snow I see in the garden. The air outside must be delicious. Everything looks so seasonable, too. Quite like old times. I feel (though I shall restrain myself, no doubt) like going for a walk. Y. Y.

HUMAN FIGURES

I HAVE spent most of my off-duty time during the past week reading three books, each made up in fairly equal proportions of words and figures. Figures, like all symbols, though valuable, are very tricky things. I expect that pretty well everyone who reads this article knows how, without disobeying the conventions of algebra, it can be proved that 1 equals 2. Conclusions equally at variance with reality can be, and often have been, drawn from the sort of figures that I have been studying. These are the three books; the first two I bought for myself, the third was sent to me for review. They are all of the highest value, and one of them of the highest price. The Registrar-General's Decennial Supplement dealing with Occupational Mortality costs seventeen and sixpence; the Annual Report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Government on *The State of Public Health* costs three and sixpence. Both of these are published by H.M. Stationery Office. The third book is called *Poverty and Population*, by Richard M. Titmuss, and is published by Messrs. Macmillan at ten and sixpence. It, and the Report of the Chief Medical Officer, ought to be bought by everyone who proposes to talk, or write, or even to think seriously, about social hygiene. The Registrar-General's Report is for more specialised students.

This article, like the books I have been reading, is going to be terribly cluttered up with figures. Therefore, I cannot honestly advise people who have no use for figures to waste any more time over it.

Superficially regarded, most of the statistics which these books present are comforting enough. It obviously is satisfactory to read that the general death-rate in England and Wales has, in the last fifty years, fallen from 21.4 to 12.4; and that the infant death-rate per 1,000 births has fallen in still greater ratio, from 149 to 58. But, encouraging as these reductions are, there is little excuse for complacency. Take the infant mortality rate. The average in England and Wales last year was 58; but in Merthyr Tydfil it was 79 and in Wigan it was 92, whereas in Bath it was 40 and in Eastbourne 31; whilst even in the London borough of Stoke Newington it was only 37. There is a great difference between 92 and 37, and it is up to us to discover the reasons why the figure everywhere is not brought down, at any rate to the latter level. As showing what can be done without any very revolutionary change, the infant death-rate of Stepney has, in eight years, been brought down from 90 to 60; and even the Merthyr Tydfil figure—high as it is—was 28 higher eight years ago, whilst the Bath rate has dropped by only eight. Probably, if we analysed the figures even of Bath or of Eastbourne or of Stoke Newington, we should find great disparity between the mortality rates of certain parts of those towns and those of other parts. An inquiry conducted a few years ago at Stockton-on-Tees showed that the crude death-rate in the best-off households was less than one-third of that in the poorer households. It is those poorer and overcrowded households that keep spoiling the statistics.

The Registrar-General has helped very much by showing, in great statistical detail, the incidence of mortality in different social classes and in different occupational and geographical groups. One of the most interesting conclusions to which one is driven by his Report is that the health contrasts between the members of the different classes in this country have been greatly reduced in the course of the last ten years. When his last Report was issued, the standardised mortality rate in the lowest economic class (Class V) was 48 per cent. higher than that in Class I. The new Report shows a difference of only 28 per cent.

Here are some figures illustrative of this tendency towards

hygienic equalisation. Respiratory tuberculosis is a disease the incidence and fatility of which are generally accepted as having a direct relation with poverty, malnutrition and overcrowding. The Registrar-General tells us that the mortality from this disease among males aged twenty to sixty-five was, at the beginning of the last decade, in the ratio of 49 in Class I to 137 in Class V. At the beginning of the present decade, the ratio had become 61 in Class I to 125 in Class V. Even in cancer, where the effect of class and economic inequality is but little marked, the mortality ratio in Class I has risen from 80 to 83, whilst that in Class V has fallen from 123 to 115. Still, the disparity between the figures shown by the two social groups remains striking and disturbing. To take one or two more instances. Between the ages of thirty-five and sixty-five, the mortality ratio from bronchitis is represented by 53 in the two best-off classes, and by 157 in the bottom class; whilst death-rates from pneumonia are in the two groups as 79 to 141. Poverty, evidently, is not a very healthy state.

But here are some figures that suggest the existence of problems of ill-health other than those of poverty. The mortality ratios between the two best-off classes and the poorest class are, for angina pectoris 161 to 67, for appendicitis 150 to 74, and, perhaps most significant of all, for suicide 133 to 87. Deaths from diabetes show an increased liability of men in the better classes as compared with men in the lowest class, in the ratio of 155 to 93; whilst the death-rates from nephritis are in the ratio 121 to 94. But the reverse tendency is marked among women, the ratios here being as follows: diabetes, 85 in the best classes, 166 in the worst; nephritis, 90 in the best classes, 115 in the worst. Between the ages of thirty-five and sixty-five, married women's total mortality in each social class is, indeed, much below that of men, and this is especially marked among the well-to-do. The Registrar-General remarks that "their greater survival advantage over men in the better-circumstanced classes seems to arise because married women do not suffer the same penalties of a 'comfortable' income (whether these have their origin in over-nutrition or in a more sedentary life) as do men."

By infant mortality is meant the deaths of children under one year old. Here are some figures suggesting geographical significance in determining death-rates during the subsequent four years of childhood. In 1935, the deaths, per 1,000 living, of children between the ages of one year and two years were, for England and Wales as a whole, 9.59; for the South-east of England, 6.12; for Northern England, 13.18; and for Wales, 11.39. The County Boroughs had a rate of 13, whilst the Rural districts had one of 7.15. But the Northern County Boroughs vary in their hygienic undesirableness. Thus, it was found that in the period 1929-33, the death-rate of children between one and two years old in Darlington, where the percentage of the population living more than two in a room was under ten, was less than one-half that of Sunderland, where nearly one-third of the population lived in such conditions. Again, in Doncaster, where only 3.4 per cent. lived more than two in a room, the mortality rate was 12, as compared with 37 in Middlesbrough, where 15 per cent. of the people were thus overcrowded. Lancashire figures are equally impressive. In Southport, where the overcrowding percentage was 2.4, the child death-rate between the ages of one and two was 8; whilst in Wigan, where the overcrowding percentage was 11.5, the death-rate was 36.4.

Poverty, and all the nutritional and spatial disabilities that go with it, are evidently the most important differentiating factors in determining longevity. But here are some figures that make us think again. Between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, in England and Wales, the mortality ratio between Class I and Class V is as 88 to 106. But, at those ages, the advantage of being well-to-do is not so obvious if one lives in a rural district. It seems that in Northern rural districts, the ratio between mortality rates of well-to-do and very poor is as 120 to 84, in the Midland rural districts, as between 92 and 89, and in the rural districts of the South and East, as between 148 and 87. After the age of thirty-five, if you live in a rural district, it does not seem to matter much, so far as longevity prospects go, whether you are a country vicar or a farm labourer.

As in previous Reports, the latest Registrar-General's Supplement shows the favourable mortality experience of all those engaged in agricultural occupations—farmers, gardeners and agricultural labourers having better longevity prospects at every age than have "all males" living in rural areas. Yet agricultural labourers are, measured in money terms, among the worst-paid workers in the country. In an analysis by Dr. Major Greenwood, of the Life Tables issued by the Registrar-General in 1920, it was shown that the expectation of life at age twenty, if one lived in Middlesbrough, was 39.46; whereas if one had the good luck to live in Reigate it was 46.88. But Dr. Greenwood also showed that if you were a farm labourer living in any part of the country your expectation of life at age twenty was 48.88.

In 1861, England and Wales had a rural population of over 9,000,000 and an urban population of nearly 11,000,000. By 1914, the proportion had changed to under 8,000,000 in the country compared with 29,000,000 in the towns. Since 1914, there has been a progressive fall in the number of people employed in agriculture, in spite of the increase of the total population. As Dr. William Brend said, many years ago: "There is no other species which exhibits the same keen desire to escape at every opportunity from its customary habitat as town-dwelling man. The rich take their holidays in the country, the poor man goes to Epping Forest or Hampstead Heath. Yet other animals pass all their existence in one environment. The forest-loving animal does not seek the plains, the bat shuns the daylight and the mole thrives in his underground burrow where the squirrel would die. Man alone, forced into one habitat by his work, tries to create another for his leisure."

I advise everyone interested to read the final Report of the League of Nations Mixed Committee on "The Relation of Nutrition to Health, Agriculture and Economic Policy." The demands of health and of happiness fortunately point in the same direction. All that modern man lacks is enough intelligence to seize the outstanding opportunities within his easy reach.

HARRY ROBERTS

Miscellany

GET ON WITH YOUR SLEEPING

By MICHAEL ZOSHCHENKO

To be quite frank, I don't like travelling. I'm always stumped by the problem of finding a place to sleep at.

Only in two cases out of a hundred have I succeeded in getting a room in a hotel.

Even then, on one of these two occasions, I got a room partly by accident. They mistook me for someone else. On the following day they discovered their mistake and asked me to leave. But that did not matter, because I was leaving in any case.

To begin with, though, I was much surprised by their politeness.

The doorkeeper, sniffing at a rose he held in his hand, said:

"Your room, I'm sorry to tell you, has a little defect. The window's broken. And if it happens that a cat jumps into your room during the night, please don't be frightened."

"What you're saying surprises me rather," said I. "Why should a cat jump into my room, may I ask?"

"You see," he replied, "we have a rubbish dump just by the window. And the animals, not being sure which is which, sometimes leap into the room thinking it's the same thing."

When I was shown into the room I quite understood the

cats' psychology. It wasn't easy for them to tell one from the other.

What surprised me most was to find a pool of water right in the middle of the floor. I began to call for somebody to come and wipe it up, but no one came. Then I went and chatted with the doorkeeper.

"If there's a pool in your room," he said, "it must be because someone's upset the water there. To-day, none of my staff is free, but to-morrow I'll tell someone to wipe it up. That'll be all right, because anyway it's likely to dry by to-morrow morning. We have a warm climate here."

I went on:

"Besides, the room's rather depressing, to say the least. It's dark, and there's nothing but a chair, a bedstead, and some sort of a box by way of furniture. Of course, there are hotels of all kinds. A short time ago, in a small town on the Don, I had to use a tablecloth instead of a blanket."

"We haven't got so far as using tablecloths for blankets," said the doorkeeper. "But we have to use half-size sheets, I must admit. As for the room being dark, you're not thinking of painting pictures in it, are you now? My advice to you is, get on with your sleeping, citizen, and don't bother the administration with unnecessary complaints."

I didn't want to argue and excite myself, so I went back to my room and dived into my bed.

But then something happened which I couldn't understand for a moment or two. I slid down the bed as if I were on an iceberg.

I wanted to raise myself and examine it. But I found that my feet got entangled in the holes in the sheets. Having disentangled myself, I lit a candle and examined the thing I was lying on.

I saw that the wire mattress sagged so badly from the head down that it was impossible for a man to keep horizontal.

So I put my pillow at the bottom, pushed my suitcase under the bed to hold it up, and lay down again.

But then I found I was not lying but sitting up in bed.

I pushed my overcoat and my attaché case underneath to keep up the middle of the bed. And at last I lay down with a sigh of relief, hoping to fall asleep at once.

But as soon as I dozed off, bed-bugs started biting me.

No, a few bugs wouldn't frighten me. But this was a huge force attacking me, an army, cavalry and all—bed-bugs together with galloping fleas.

I nearly gave way to panic at first. Then I started a carefully planned defence.

However, when the battle was in full swing, the light went out suddenly.

Without any means of defence left, I began to stamp round the room in the dark, groaning and complaining loudly. Suddenly I heard someone knock at the partition wall, and a rough female voice called out:

"Why the devil are you running round the room like a madman?"

For a moment I stood rooted to the spot. Then I started a wordy battle with my neighbour. This I am ashamed to describe, as, in such a nervous and excited state, the things we said were excessively offensive.

"If ever I meet you," my neighbour said in the end, "I'll certainly slap your face. Please remember that!"

I longed to reply with something equally insulting, but, to my annoyance, found nothing new I could say. So I flung an empty box at her wall to make her think that I was shooting at her.

After this she kept quiet.

And I, having dragged the bed away from the wall, took a water bottle and made a ring of water on the floor round the bed, so that more bed-bugs could not get at me. Then I lay down again, leaving my poor body to its fate, so to speak.

Despite furious biting, I began to fall asleep when there rang out a sudden horrible scream. It was the woman in the next room.

"If you're screaming on purpose to wake me up," I shouted to her, "you'll answer for your disgusting behaviour to-morrow!"

We started arguing again, and it came out that a cat sprang on to her bed from the yard and frightened her.

The doorkeeper must have muddled things up, the fool. He told me about the cat, but the window was broken in the next room, and not in mine.

By and by I began to doze again. But, feeling nervous, I kept on starting, and awoke every time because the bedstead gave an awful squeak whenever I moved.

The dawn came. I took the mattress off the bed and put it down on the floor. Complete bliss descended upon me, as I lay down on that glorious couch.

"Get on with your sleeping: your pillow is needed for another," I told myself, remembering I had seen such a notice a year ago, in a peasants' Rest Home, in Crimea.

At that moment the screeching of an electric saw rose from the yard.

Green in the face and weak with fatigue, I left the hotel later in the morning.

I was determined never to cross the threshold of that place again. But Fate decreed otherwise.

When I was about a hundred kilometres on my way, I found that the hotel administration, who had to register me with the police, had returned to me a wrong passport. And as it was a woman's passport I could not possibly continue on my travels with it.

On the following day I returned to the hotel.

It was, of course, very embarrassing meeting my neighbour, who, as it happens, had gone away with my passport, and had to come back also.

She proved to be a nice young woman, and we got to know each other rather well. So that my stay at the hotel had some pleasant consequences after all.

(Translated by ELISAVETA FEN)

RAPHAEL

The Angel said to him "Take hold on the fish." And the young man caught hold of the fish and cast it up on the land. (Tobit, vi, 3).

RAPHAEL is a water-keeper. Often he is given charge of young anglers, guests of a famous club, and he says to whichever one it may be "Take hold on that fish," and they take hold; but they do not cast the fish up on the land, because Raphael himself slips a net under it and performs the ensuing ritual. And, in the evening, the young man, returning to where his hosts and his fellow-guests assemble, finds, maybe, that it has been a bad day. One has no fish; another has just one; a third has a brace, but they only just reach the weight limit. Then, with an air of fitting humility and murmured euphemisms about his luck, he produces a brace of two-and-a-half-pounders—and perhaps others—and hears, with smiling deference and a swelling chest, the congratulations of that brotherhood of anglers to whom jealousy is unknown, and who rejoice to see a young man starting well. And, in the evening, when the port has circulated the second time, the young man tells the company just how he caught those fish: only he does not speak of one who stood near to him. And the great ones, whom that morning he regarded with awe, listen indulgently, and one says, *sotto voce*, to another, "Out with Raphael, wasn't he?" And they think none the worse of him for forgetting Raphael, because they too have been young, and they know the importance of that lesson of self-confidence which Raphael, as Mr. Bridie interprets the apocryphal story, was at pains to teach the young Tobias.

I have been Raphael's pupil. In the Volume of the Book (entered up nightly by the senior present member of the club) it is written, not once nor twice only, that I have caught trout. But nowhere in the book does the name of Raphael appear. Let me, therefore, bear witness.

It was late September when, at length, I reached the valley

of my delight. Everything boded fair. It was a soft day, with an up-stream breeze, fluky at first, fading later to almost nothing. I was early on the water and full of confident hope. From the beginning I had barely one idle moment; for, although there was no remarkable hatch of any particular fly, there was always enough fly to keep fish moving. But, all that morning, one sight of the gut was enough to send each fish to its hide. Over luncheon I discussed with myself whether I was the worst fisherman in Europe or whether there might be some other explanation of my discomfiture. Having lunched, I put that question once more to the test of experiment and, almost at once, I hooked a fish. I outmanoeuvred that fish on three determined leaps; he beat me on a fourth with a short line. Two more fish I turned over and lost, others I rose and missed "clean and clever," as they say in Ireland. Clearly I *was* the worst fisherman in Europe. Nevertheless, I settled down, for a matter of about two hours and I forget how many changes of fly, to one of the old contemptuous ones under a willow, till I was worn out and he, I guess, splitting his sides with laughter and good cheer.

And so the day wore on towards sundown, and I, less calm and collected than when the day began, was hurrying along the bank, looking out for a rising fish, when Raphael strolled quietly up beside me. By now I was suffering from a sense of grievance, and I began to tell him all about it. "Don't walk on top of that fish," said Raphael, and, almost at my feet, I saw a dimple and concentric rings. "What have you on?" asked Raphael. "A small pheasant-tail sedge" I replied. "That'll do," said he, "he's up again. Draw back quietly; I'll stay here." I did as I was bid. "A nicely shaped fish," said Raphael, as he took him out of the net, "and he will weigh two pounds. Let us look for another before it is too dark." We, or rather Raphael, found another; but I got hung up and, by the time I was clear again, the last of the light was gone.

Next day I went forth with renewed self-conceit—for my catch of the previous day had not been excelled. The sky was overcast, the air was rather muggy; but fish were rising freely to a variety of flies. Here a few pale watery duns, there a small cloud of spinners, which my entomology could not identify; nearly everywhere a few small sedges. So far as my performance went, the day was almost identical with the day before. Again I missed fish, turned and lost them, hooked and lost them, and, when, fairly late in the afternoon, it began to rain, first gently, then violently, I had caught no more than one good grayling which I had believed to be a trout. As the rain increased in force every sign of fish life disappeared. I was thinking seriously of packing up and going home when Raphael arrived. "Raphael," I said, "the devil has been in the fish all day, and now this rain has put them all down." Raphael shook his head. "It looks pretty bad," he said, but his eyes were searching the water. Then "Don't move," he said, "I believe there is a fish rising under the bank beside you." And I too saw that quiet movement, and everything was so like the evening before that the conviction grew upon me that Raphael put a spell upon the fish. Only the unbroken patter of rain, I think, enabled me to move down the bank without scaring that trout, and, so, to put a fly over him. He lacked three ounces of two pounds; but he was perfect in shape and condition.

"Raphael," I said, you have saved me a blank day again; the weather is foul; it is nearly dark; let us go home." But Raphael said "Do you see that light patch of gravel there in the middle"—and he pointed up-stream—"there is a trout there. I have not seen him rise, but he is up and worth trying." In the middle of the light patch I too could make out a shadowy, wavy form "We'll try a Blue-winged Variant," said Raphael. "Why?" I asked, obediently handing him the end of my cast. "It's a likely fly," he said, snapping off the one fly and substituting the other, in the half-dark, in about one-tenth of the time it would have taken me to do it at high noon. Then ensued a remarkable fishing concerto.

I have not yet mentioned a very competent lieutenant of Raphael's who had been with me all day. He, with Raphael, moved quietly up so as to be level with the fish and watch its movements. I worked out my line, and cast, at the first attempt, high enough, but to the left of the fish. I could not see my fly, but I could see the line fall on the water, and, at the third attempt, the cast fell well over the middle of the light patch of gravel. Two voices in unison shouted "You!" which I knew meant that the fish was rising at my fly. They both admitted afterwards that they had no idea where my fly was—they only saw the fish turn. I'll swear that no guardsman or marine ever responded to a word of command more promptly than I struck on that shout. That was not the end of the story by any means; for that fish came of a fighting stock. "He weighs two and a half pounds at least," I said, as the lieutenant dropped the net on to the grass. "He ought to," said Raphael, "you treated him with all that much respect." We put him, there and then, on the balance. Two pounds, ten ounces. "Well?" I said, turning to Raphael in exultation. "Yes," said he, "you judged him better than I did: but you had the feel of him," and he put out his torch.

MORYS GASCOYEN

THE MOVIES

"The Citadel," at the Empire
"The Great Waltz," at His Majesty's

The Citadel is based on the popular novel by Dr. Cronin. His attack on the medical profession is considerably toned down, but enough indignation of one sort and another remains to lift the film far out of the complacent ruck. The adaptation and dialogue is the work of Emlyn Williams (who also makes a brilliant appearance in a very small part), and it is not surprising that he should have been especially successful in the early scenes in remote Welsh mining villages. Young Dr. Manson's arrival as assistant to Dr. Page, the scheming Welsh malevolence of Mrs. Page, the bad drainage, poverty, squalor and municipal corruption of the place—all these are rapidly and clearly sketched in. Throughout these scenes one enjoys that most pleasurable of experiences, watching the successful fight of an idealist against entrenched carelessness and stupidity. Robert Donat plays the earnest young Scot with admirable gravity and spirit, and Ralph Richardson, with his perfect timing, is as reliable as ever in the part of Manson's drunken but sound-hearted colleague Denny. (The scene in which they explode the old sewer at dead of night is pure film, and comes off brilliantly.) Indeed almost all the acting is good, and it would be pleasant to particularise and praise, for example, whoever plays Mrs. Page; but with maddening stupidity the producers merely give us a list of "The Players" with no mention of the parts which they respectively play! In a film intended for America as well as England this is particularly unfortunate, for what American can be expected to spot Athene Seyler's ten minutes of pure comedy as a *malade imaginaire*, or Francis Sullivan's bullying miner, or Cecil Parker's suave society surgeon? I should like to make it compulsory to show the cast slowly at the end of every film. The only performance in *The Citadel* that does not carry conviction is that of Rosalind Russell as the Welsh schoolteacher who becomes Manson's wife. She is never really in the picture, but it must be said that she is not helped by the script: their courtship, for instance, is in the popular screen tradition of whirlwind romance.

The rest of the film neither betrays nor quite fulfils the promise of its opening. The satire on smart medical practice in London is highly amusing. Inevitably the development of Manson's character is more abruptly managed than in the novel, but the changes in the plot are not arbitrary. The elimination of Mrs. Manson's pointless death in a street accident is a gain; now it is Denny who is run over and finished off by the incompetent society surgeon. This leads indirectly to Manson's row with the British Medical Council, and the film ends, effectively if theatrically, with a stirring Zola-esque

speech by Manson attacking the closed hierarchy of English medicine. This film has no imaginative surprises to offer, but Cronin's story, Vidor's direction and the playing of Donat and the rest are all sound enough to make it one of the best general utility pictures of the year.

California is, I suppose, a big place, but there won't be much of it left for the Californians if the movie chiefs continue their activities on their present scale. First we have Sam Goldwyn flinging himself into the preparations for *Wuthering Heights* with a wholesale ardour unusual even for him. "Wuthering Heights itself," we read, "the manor house, will be built by a corps of some 200 carpenters and artisans. This house, a re-creation by Goldwyn's art department . . . is the centre piece of a four-mile network of stone fences to be constructed of imported English rock in the foreground, tapering off into domestic stone and plaster cast boulders in the distance. California's bare hillsides will receive a frosting of heather set out and coated with delicate purple blossoms. These are the product of Nick Stadler, Goldwyn's nursery expert. Cypress trees to surround the house will be manufactured at the studio from branches and bits of the more sturdy juniper bush." If that doesn't fix the elusive spirit of Catherine Earnshaw nothing will. Meanwhile Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have been hard at work on the background of *The Great Waltz*: "to make the living Vienna of Franz Joseph's days, M-G.-M. reconstructed the city as it was then in huge, full-scale sets, including the Opera, Palace, Casino, even the immortal Woods"; *full-scale*, mark you! In addition to this, they secured Julien Duvivier, the admirable director of *Pépé le Moko* and *Carnet de Bal*, and gave him a cast headed by Fernand Gravet, Luise Rainer and a specially imported Swedish coloratura named Miliza Korjus. When Mme. Korjus arrived, she proved to be high, wide and handsome, indeed, "perhaps just a shade operatic in figure." The studio took her in hand for two years, after which she emerged, still a powerful personality and still in superb voice, with scarcely a ripple under the chin. All that remained was to concoct a story to suit these expensive ingredients, and no one will be surprised to learn that it came out as a regulation love triangle. Luise Rainer is Poldi, Johann's faithful, pathetic, childlike wife, and Korjus is Madame Carla Donna, the dazzling and somewhat overpowering soprano who tempts him to infidelity, but renounces him just in time for the final *Blue Danube* sequence. This version of Strauss' domestic life has the double disadvantage of being dull and wholly untrue. In 1862 he married a popular singer called Henriette Treffz, and when she died in 1878 he almost immediately married another singer called Angelica Dittrich. The only result of all this tampering with facts is several hundred feet of Korjus on the rampage and Rainer in the dumps. No one mopes, wilts, twitters or declines more prettily than Miss Rainer, but not even she can persuade us that this Mme. Strauss is an interesting character.

Whenever the spectacular and musical elements in *The Great Waltz* shake themselves free from the domestic tangle, things look up. The great virtue of the film is that its crowd sequences and production numbers convey a real sense of exhilaration. And with the help of a very sensitive camera Duvivier has produced one scene of great charm, in which the composer and the singer are driven through the Vienna Woods in the early morning mists. It would have been nice, by the way, if we had been allowed to hear just one waltz or one bit of *Die Fledermaus* as Strauss wrote it; and it would be nicer still if the management of His Majesty's Theatre could be induced to moderate the volume of sound: Mme. Korjus' brilliantly clean singing became a series of piercing screams, and what was the use of borrowing "£70,000 worth of Stradivarius and other violins from the Lachmann collection" to produce so steely and mechanical a result.

PETER GALWAY

The best New Year Gift—*see p. 1093*

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Gate Revue

The Christmas show at the Gate is the same as usual but better. There are the inevitable embarrassing moments, when a serious tribute has to be paid to Gloom and Art and All That, with a dancer writhing round an outsize Swastika, but these are pretty quickly over, and for the rest of the evening we enjoy a series of very jolly jokes. The best things in the show are a ferocious song about fashionable dressmakers, Miss Hermione Gingold as a Medium, Mr. Walter Crisham in a Bubble Dance, and an Empire-building scene in which Mr. Arthur Marshall's particular humour is conspicuous. The Chamberlain umbrella scene is a flop, but a series of verses about other public figures, "We've got you taped," is ferociously comic. Mr. Costa's scenery is uncommonly elegant (*école de* Banting), Mr. William Chappell's costumes are pretty, and the music, mostly by Mr. Geoffrey Wright, is the best the Gate has given us. Full advantage has not been taken of Miss Joan Swinstead's Beardsleyesque beauty, some of the singers seem to find the theatre unduly large, and Mr. Jack McNaughton seems to have more talent than he has opportunities. Miss Gingold is as good as ever. (Would not her spinning song have more point if she were dressed not as Isolde but as a jibbahed artycrafty lady in the Cotswold country? And the Medium scene could be made twice as funny if she sometimes picked up the wrong clues). Mr. Walter Crisham introduces into the agreeably amateur atmosphere an even more agreeable professional touch. He is a most polished artist, singing, acting and dancing. The success of the show is due to him more than to any other individual, except Mr. Norman Marshall.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, December 23rd—
"The Babes in the Wood," Drury Lane.
MONDAY, December 26th—
"Red Riding Hood," Covent Garden Opera House.
"Hansel and Gretel," Scala.
"Cinderella," People's Palace.
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Old Vic.
"Queen of Hearts," Lyceum.
"Marco Millions," Westminster."
THURSDAY, December 29th—
Jean Sterling Mackinlay Recital, Rudolf Steiner Hall. Particulars of further matinees from Miss McKean, 102 Clive Court, W.9
James Kendall: "Young Chemists and Great Discoveries," Royal Institution, 3. And December 31st, January 3rd, 5th, 7th and 10th.
FRIDAY, December 30th—
Winter School of Sociology and Civics, London House of Citizenship, South Kensington. Till January 6th. Particulars from 35 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

Correspondence

A.R.P. AND PACIFISM

SIR,

In a recent pamphlet, *How to be Safe from Air Raids*, Professor J. B. S. Haldane makes a number of proposals for increasing the efficiency of Air Raid Precautions in this country. The pamphlet is largely a technical treatment of the subject in popular language, but the author says (p. 5), commenting on Mr. Baldwin's statement that the only defence is offence, "that is a wicked policy . . . There is a defence other than murder." What is this defence? Improved A.R.P., more interceptor fighting planes and fewer bombers? To increase defence, and particularly passive defence, at the expense of murderous attack seems at first a very attractive policy. But is it a realistic one?

It seems clear that A.R.P. is useless by itself. A.R.P. *alone* cannot prevent or win a war. Consequently, if war starts and we are not "winning" it somehow there is no reason why it should stop until the objective—the destruction of the morale of the civilian population—has been achieved. If we had inefficient A.R.P. the end would be sudden. If we had better A.R.P. it might be deferred.

In either case it seems far beyond the bounds of probability that we shall be able to protect the fabric of the civilisation in which we live: water, gas and light mains, sewers, roads, transport, offices, factories, homes, railway stations, telephone exchanges, standing crops, cattle, all are vulnerable. Even if the direct

preservation of life is ensured by an elaborate underground shelter scheme—which assumes that the Technique of Silent Approach has been defeated and an adequate system of warnings and degree of response to them has been achieved; also that panic and the undesirable psychological consequences of enforced inactivity have been overcome—all these things could be methodically smashed, burned and contaminated with vesicants.

Mr. John Langdon-Davies says (*Air Raid*, pp. 68-9): "The fundamental error in most A.R.P. planning is that the city is regarded as made up of individuals who can be allowed to remain without working for a long time in conditions as near safety as possible. *But if the Attack brings London to a standstill then the Attack has won the war. Protection we must have, but only within limits which make it possible also for the city to keep moving.* The Attack hopes to keep the city from moving, both materially by tying up traffic amid destroyed thoroughfares and psychologically by tying up human nerves so that men do not know where to go. *It cannot be too much emphasised that in ideal circumstances, with a bomb-proof shelter for everyone, the Defence will still lose the war, perhaps without suffering a casualty, if everyone sits in a shelter and does nothing for long enough on end.* Therefore: A.R.P. MUST PROVIDE FOR INDIVIDUAL SAFETY AND AT THE SAME TIME COMMUNAL ACTIVITY." (Author's italics and caps.)

Professor Haldane is not a pacifist (in the sense that most people in the Peace Pledge Union are pacifists) and he thinks the use of "active defence" measures—anti-aircraft artillery, balloon barrages, interceptor fighting planes, and so on—quite legitimate. Would the use of these improve the situation very much? Lord Arnold, in a speech to the House of Lords on this subject, quoted the Commander of the U.S. Air Force as saying recently, "Air attacks cannot be stopped by any means now known." Lord Arnold also referred to a fairly recent experiment in which only 16 of 250 bombers were intercepted by the defence. These do not seem to be isolated facts. Bertrand Russell says (*Which Way to Peace?* pp. 16-17): "Since 1918, the attack has gained relatively to the defence, and numbers have lost their importance as compared with skill and mechanisation. . . . Both these changes are due to the development of air warfare." From time to time there are vague rumours of more efficient defensive measures, but none have been introduced, I think, either in Spain or China.

What force does Professor Haldane rely on for the preservation of peace? And, if efforts to preserve peace fail, what force is to terminate the war in any way but by our own suffering and defeat, whether immediate or deferred? The Government's answer is, the Rearmament Programme, although no one has yet told us, or is likely to tell us, how much time, money and energy we shall have to spend on aggressive armaments to achieve the desired end. In 1932 it was £100,000,000 a year. This year it is more than £300,000,000. What, in view of how little we have achieved by tripling our expenditure on war preparations, will be the figure in 1944? But, considered as military theory, there is at least some truth in Sir Samuel Hoare's warning against "creating a dangerous bias in favour of passive protection rather than vigorous attack."

However, Professor Haldane proposes to develop Air Raid Precautions at the expense of the Rearmament Programme. He says in his pamphlet (p. 45) that we could definitely do with fewer bombers, although he apparently thinks we should retain some. But if we merely reduce our attacking force, the counter-threat will largely cease to operate. And if this is the only thing that prevents war, war will follow. Our weaker attacking force will have small chance of "winning" the war (particularly as we should probably be fighting larger countries where the populations could more easily be scattered)—with the results I have tried to indicate above. That, I take it, is the Government's answer.

To hope that this country will be fortunate enough to form the stronger set of military alliances (which I believe, on no direct evidence, to be Professor Haldane's assumption) is to disregard post-war history and the unhappy collapse of the League of Nations. And, obviously, the more this country reduces its aggressive armaments the less value will it be in military alliances and the more reluctant other countries will become to enter into a bad bargain of reciprocal support.

Moreover, Professor Haldane is not only concerned with defence of our own territory. He wants a weapon with which to keep "fascists" in order. He wants to tell them that if they try to turn another trick like Czechoslovakia we will fight rather than tolerate it. What use is a weakened bombing force going to be for this? Perhaps Professor Haldane relies on economic sanctions? But surely if these sanctions seriously inconvenienced the "fascists" they would declare war against the sanctioning power(s)? They would also probably buy in allies at almost any price if the situation was grave enough.

In Professor Haldane's policy I can see only a shifting of emphasis from one part of the war-machine to another. An alteration that might put us all in greater danger by reducing the risk in any one air-raid at the cost of letting us in for an indefinite number of air-raids.

May I conclude by saying something about the position of the pacifist, or rather about my own position as a pacifist, since I write here simply as an individual? Professor Haldane understates the case seriously when he says (p. 57) that our attitude is merely "We will have nothing to do with war." Those who adopt the view I am now trying to explain would prefer to say "We believe that the hundreds of millions of pounds, the time, talent and energy at present being lavished on war-preparation could be more profitably spent on removing the causes of war; on establishing a real basis of good will, generosity and co-operation between the *peoples* of all countries. We think that if this were done there would be little risk of war." Most of us think, too, that fascism was directly due to the treatment of these countries by the democracies, and is chiefly supported to-day by our apparent enmity; by our expenditure of hundreds of pounds a minute on war-preparation, our use of the worst weapons of war within our own Empire, and by our attempts to form military alliances obviously directed against the totalitarian states. The removal of these ambiguous activities would probably lead to the disappearance of those features of totalitarianism which cause us most uneasiness.

Certainly "Every pacifist would help to rescue a child from a bombed house." But it does not follow, as Professor Haldane suggests, that every pacifist must "assist and support measures to save the same child's life beforehand by making a shelter to which it can run." This begs the whole question. The real problem is: is war inevitable? If it is, we will do everything possible to help with the shelters. But if we think that war is not inevitable we prefer to try to save the child's life and the lives of children in other countries by using our energy and time in trying what prevention can do. To many of us it seems that we must concentrate on this activity, that any attempt to divide our efforts between possible prevention and preparation to reduce the horrible consequences (or merely delay them) would probably result in a disastrous fall between two stools.

Surely this is at least a comprehensible policy? It believes in Air Raid Precautions that are Precautions Against the Occurrence of Air Raids, and not Precautions to minimise the results of Air Raids. It is genuinely humanitarian because its aim is international, as distinct from Precautions which, for the most part, are Nationalism at its narrowest—a policy of providing British bolt-holes for British people. And it does not depend for its success on the backing of bombers and the other apparatus of annihilation.

We should all be grateful to Professor Haldane for exposing the gross inefficiency and maladministration of the present Precautions. But many people may still feel that his alternative does not give us the most practical policy for preserving our lives and the civilisation in which we live.

ROY WALKER

145 Grays Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

HANDING OVER THE NATIVE

SIR,—At this season of goodwill it is fitting to place on record how many things there are about which we can all agree. For instance, it seems that moderate conservatives and Left wing intellectuals are at least unanimous about three things: (*a*) that flogging British subjects convicted of crime must cease, (*b*) that the application to German Jews of the South African law prohibiting natives from driving cars is infamous, (*c*) that if we cannot keep our colonies without resort to conscription, conscription is not necessarily undemocratic.

Those of us who like to combine innocent fun with the agreeable professions appropriate to the season may derive it from reflecting upon the following extracts:

(1) Native Juveniles Employment Act No. 10 1926 (Southern Rhodesia) Section 2 subsection 4:

"The Native Commissioner of the district in which any juvenile is employed may hear and determine any charge or *complaint brought by an employer* against a juvenile in his service and arising from any breach of duty due to an act or *omission* and . . . if the offender

be a boy order such juvenile to receive a summary whipping with a light cane not to exceed ten strokes."

Section 10.

"Any male juvenile who shall fail or refuse to obey any order of a Native Commissioner given in pursuance of the provisions of this Act shall be liable to a summary whipping with a light cane not exceeding ten strokes."

(2) Native Service Contract Act No. 24 1938 (Union of South Africa) Section 11:

"Any contravention by a male servant who is or appears to be not more than eighteen years of age of any provision of the law relating to masters and servants shall be punishable . . . by a whipping not exceeding five strokes."

Since Rhodesia is a self-governing colony its legislation requires Royal assent, which was duly given to the above. So the few survivors of the coming colonial-war-to-end-war may console themselves with the reflection that it was fought to decide whether the Native Commissioner endowed with these civilising privileges by His Majesty's proclamation No. 9 of 1927 (June 16th) should henceforth be a German brownshirt or an English ex-public schoolboy.

LANCELOT HOGBEN

Uppsala, Christmas 1938.

HOW TO ANSWER THE FASCISTS

SIR,—*Critic* wishes that "some psychologist or pacifist" would tell him the right reply to the tactics of the totalitarian press.

Though not strictly speaking a pacifist, and only an amateur psychologist, I would suggest that a very good reply is, quite simply, derision. The force of public laughter is in danger of being forgotten in the horror of the present situation. Solemnity is inimical to intelligence, but it is the food of Fascism. A bawling voice impresses only those who are already prepared to accept what it says; it is impotent against well-directed satire. The French students, with their "*Vésuve à nous*," and—more recently still—those of London University, have given an admirable lead, indicating the probability that the antics of the Nazi press are less effectively countered by indignation than they might be by a douche of simple but appropriate ridicule.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

SIR,—Your account in "A London Diary" of the Foyle Luncheon last Wednesday, does me more than one injustice. That you should describe my speech as the one most applauded by "a military-looking gentleman at a table near" might be passed as polemics of a ravelled and prejudiced kind. But I really must protest at your implication that I spoke "in the interests of aggressive Fascism," that I "denounced the press for atrocity-mongering *before* the last war," or that I "suggested that the Nazis had never had a fair deal in this country." I did none of these things, and I challenge you to produce one sentence from my speech in justification of your account of it.

Do you share, then, the modern passion for categorisation? Because I resent certain misrepresentations by the popular press, *must* I be a Nazi apologist? Before I spoke on Wednesday I had already been foreseen by the chairman and one speaker (without more reason than that I was to speak on the press in relation to Germany) as a sort of miniature Goebbels, an impression which I did a sincere best to destroy, in justice both to myself and to the Nazi regime. May I ask, then, what conceivable grounds you have for stating that I dished up arguments "in the interests of aggressive Fascism?"

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

[Critic writes: "I am sorry if I have done Mr. Croft-Cooke any injustice. I entirely agreed with him when he said that there was an element of truth in the remark made by men in the trenches in the last war that the press had some responsibility for making the war; I have said the same thing myself many times. I was concerned to point out that it was playing the Nazi game, however, to suggest that the press had exaggerated the Nazi Terror recently. The important thing to my mind is to keep always the distinction between a mass of Germans who are neither better nor worse than ourselves and the terrible behaviour of the Nazi leaders and Storm Troopers. About that I feel one cannot keep silence, though I am well aware of the dangers."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

REFUGEES IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

SIR,—The coming Christmas will be one of peace for Great Britain. But for thousands of refugees in camps in Czechoslovakia there will be no festivities. The position of these unfortunate people approaches desperation. The efforts of the Lord Mayor's Fund and other charities are assuring that they will not actually starve.

We are therefore appealing for donations of such articles as fruit, sweets and chocolate, jams, preserves and canned goods of all sorts. Cigarettes, tobacco and pipes, wool and woollen goods, games and toys for the children, small musical instruments, razor blades, and elementary English text books.

It is important that such gifts should be suitable for transport, and that they should contain a maximum of usefulness for their size and weight. They will be distributed in Czechoslovakia by our own representative, who will see that they are given in the direction where they are most needed. All gifts sent to the address below will be gratefully acknowledged.

VERA BRITTAIN JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY
GEORGE LANSBURY EMMELINE PETHICK LAWRENCE
MAX PLOWMAN MAURICE ROWNTREE

The Dick Sheppard Club,
Kings Weigh House, Thomas Street, W.1.

CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—Although I am not an authoritative member of any party, yet I should like to reply to Mr. Clive Bell's letter in the name of many thousands of young men and women of military age. From experience in the National Youth Campaign, which unites seven national youth and student bodies and which is determined to make its voice heard, I know what many of the younger generation feel on the subject of conscription.

First of all, we wish to "stand up to the Nazis" if this means that we refuse to accept the position in which the whole policy of our country is dominated by the fear of war. Democracy cannot survive if Nazi aggression is let loose to work its will on the world.

But these young people will oppose conscription, both military and industrial, for the present policy of the Government, because "appeasement" does not mean standing up to the Nazis, but rather throwing innocent peoples into their power. The bearing of arms for such a policy will only strengthen those who advocate it.

There is a widespread wish to serve among the young people in Great Britain, and if once an adequate guarantee was given that the policy of this country would be a policy of resistance to further aggression, then there is no doubt that the young people would be ready to do whatever is necessary to make our country strong. There would be no need to demand compulsion. What would be required would be adequate equipment and efficient organisation by the government so that these recruits would be used in the best possible way.

Is it difficult to imagine an army, which knows for what purpose it is prepared to fight, being run on democratic lines? We have the example of the Czech army before Munich, and the Spanish army as it exists to-day. These two examples show that it is possible to resist Fascist aggression without adopting Fascist methods. Those people who believe that it is only possible to organise the armed strength of the nation on Fascist lines prove themselves to be already under the influence of Fascist propaganda. Discipline is obviously necessary to the efficiency of an army and a civil population at war, but surely it is possible for this discipline to be self imposed because it arises from an understanding of the cause which the people serve.

This may sound hopelessly Utopian to some people. It does not sound Utopian, but eminently practical, to many of the youth who hold these views, and, after all, it will be these people on whom the defence of democracy will ultimately rest.

62 Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7. JUDITH CORCORAN

VIVISECTION

SIR,—Most scientific workers, like the man in the street, are naturally fond of animals. A small minority, though I have never met an English one, is naturally cruel. The vivisection laws are directed, quite rightly, to control the activity of this hypothetical small group, and it is well that such laws should exist.

Of the immense benefit, both to man and animals, resulting from research involving "vivisection," no reasonable person who cares to inquire into the facts can doubt. But the Anti-Vivisection Society is not organised by reasonable people. Many, like Bernard Shaw, have had some unfortunate experience in early youth which makes them irrational on this particular topic. We all have some such irrational corners in our mind. But they should not be allowed to mislead the ordinary reasonable public.

Most "vivisection" is done under anaesthetic; all patients

undergoing operation in hospital would fall into this category. The rest consists either of feeding experiments or of simple injections such as the diabetic patient gives himself daily. One of my most vivid experiences as a medical student consisted of (*a*) seeing tracheotomy performed (without anaesthetic—since this was impossible) on a small child suffering from diphtheria, because she had been sent to hospital too late for serum treatment, and (*b*) seeing blood drawn from a superficial neck vein in a horse (under local anaesthetic) in order to provide anti-diphtheria serum. The animal was beautifully kept and so friendly with his operator that he appeared to take the bleeding as part of the day's normal work.

This is just part of the work that goes on under "vivisection" licences. All the modern treatment with hormones (of which insulin is but one example), all our knowledge of vitamins, with consequent disappearance of rickets, scurvy and the like, not to mention the cure of distemper in dogs, have resulted from similar experiments.

50 Fitzroy Street, W.1. M. GRACE EGGLETON

SIR,—Neither Bernard Shaw nor Miss Sackville West have ever, I believe, worked in a laboratory which had a licence for vivisection. I have. Animals were only used as scientific material when absolutely necessary, and those who were working on them were all taking the utmost care to avoid unnecessary suffering. I have also worked on a dairy farm; much more suffering went on there, and does in thousands of dairy and poultry farms. Unlike the average scientist, most farm workers are almost immune to the sufferings of animals. Perhaps, when human suffering is so great, not even Mr. Shaw should take up space with this kind of controversy. But truth has a certain importance still.

River Court, NAOMI MITCHISON
Hammersmith Mall, London, W.6.

PAN-AMERICA AND THE AXIS

SIR,—In your issue of December 17th you say: "In the Argentine the Italian colony forms two-thirds of the total population." Do you really believe this? STEPHEN GASELEE
Magdalene College, Cambridge.

[No. Nor meant to say so. The Italian colony (two millions) forms two-thirds of the *foreign* population.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WOMEN MUST WORK

SIR,—As I do not doubt Miss Anne Godwin's excellent letter in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION this week will, in general, be received with the apathy that is customarily accorded any demand for fair play for women, I wish to record my support.

A point which particularly interested me was: "It is lightly assumed that women have now won their way to full equality and already criticisms are heard that they have made little of their freedom."

Only recently I was horrified to hear a friend of mine, a progressively minded man, stress this very argument. When I had recovered my breath, I said: Apart from the fact that this much-vaunted equality is a fallacy, do you honestly expect, after hundreds of years of subjection, that women can achieve everything in 20 years?

If liberal male thought can run in these channels, small wonder that the stock conservatism of the middle classes keeps the reactionary course of leisure for the working son and housework for the daughter.

One has only to read Miss Godwin's letter, or those too-frequent advertisements in the press inviting applications from men and women for certain posts, the necessary qualifications for which are the same for either sex, the work also the same—everything, in fact, is equal but the salary. This may be anything from £100 to £250 or more per annum in favour of the man.

The experiment recently announced by Mr. Malcolm MacDonald of throwing open administrative posts in the Dominions and Colonial Offices to women comes as a salutary reminder to critics of feminine achievement that many professions yet remain closed to women (*vide* Mrs. Virginia Woolf's book, *Three Guineas*); while, in those that are open, a woman in many cases has first to overcome initial prejudice against the mere fact of her sex, secondly to work twice as effectively as a man in order to still latent criticism.

In China, 40,000 of the "weaker sex" are now on active service as soldiers in defence of their country. It is to be hoped that, when the invader has been routed, Chinese women will find their emancipation has progressed as rapidly as did ours in 1914–18.

Must Great Britain fight another major war before sex equality is truly recognised? EILEEN LANE

GREVILLE FOR 15 GUINEAS

SIR,—I should be grateful if you would allow me, as the surviving editor of the complete edition of the Greville Memoirs to make two comments on Lord Esher's letter.

He says that Greville is not literature and consequently will not be bought by collectors. I agree with neither his statement nor his conclusion. Greville's Diary has far more claim to be called literature than the first editions of many modern authors on whom collectors have lavished considerable sums of money.

Lord Esher then goes on to lament the fact that my publishers have priced the Memoirs too high for the general reader. He calls them "pusillanimous and undemocratic." These harsh adjectives do not come particularly well from him. Only last September Lord Esher published at 25*s.* a single volume of his father's journals and letters. I have estimated that the complete edition of the Greville Memoirs would have taken ten similar volumes and would have cost £12 10*s.* This is exclusive of an index volume—the most expensive to print and set up. I refrain from calling Lord Esher either pusillanimous or undemocratic. I content myself with calling him prudent. ROGER FULFORD

10, Wilton Street, S.W.1.

[Mr. Mortimer writes: Mr. Fulford has produced an effective debating point but not a valid argument. The Esher papers can be borrowed from any of the leading circulating libraries, but where except at four or five institutions like the British Museum and Bodleian can the common reader obtain the new Greville? In my review I objected even more to the limitation of the edition than to its price, and I notice with pleasure that Mr. Fulford does not commit himself to defending either.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

GEORGE LANSBURY

SIR,—Some of the many friends of George Lansbury in the pacifist movement have arranged for a present of a portrait bust of him to be made by Mr. Jussof Abbo, a refugee sculptor. The presentation is planned to take place about the time of Mr. Lansbury's birthday in February next.

Part of the cost has been already defrayed, but there will be many of Mr. Lansbury's friends outside of the pacifist movement who might like to share in this gift. His long life of devoted service to Socialism, municipal service, women's suffrage, journalism and international reconciliation will make many wish to share in this form of recognising the valuable work of a great public servant.

Contributions, large or small, should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer of the fund, Miss Frieda B. Maynard, 42 Hillway, Highgate, N.6. JOHN P. FLETCHER

DR. WEINGARTNER

SIR,—In reviewing a recent recording of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, made by a Hamburg chorus and orchestra, I expressed surprise at the conviction with which Germans can declaim the precepts of Schiller while practising those of Streicher. The preceding sentence mentioned Dr. Weingartner's recording of the same work (made in Vienna two or three years ago); and Dr. Weingartner, fearing that a casual reader might imagine the reference to apply also to him, has asked me to state that he is not of German, but of Swiss, nationality. Needless to say, I never intended to associate his name with the present regime in Germany.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

We are glad to acknowledge the following sums received for Spanish Relief: H. S. (£50); Arthur Mann (£25); A. Ethel Tollemache (£10); Anon. (2) (£5); J. H. Bell (£3 19*s.*); E. P. E., A. E. Lauder (£3 3*s.*); H. M. Trelhowan (£3); John Adams, Anna New (£2 10*s.*); N. R. E., Anne Wood (£2 2*s.*); Robert V. Allen, H. Lane, H. Mosely; P. I. Wyndham (£2); Keith Lauder, Peter and Eileen Rohde, J. H, Stoney, E. R. Wood (£1 1*s.*); Anon. (4), G. Charnaud, G. de Vere. A. C. Gray, E. A. Maelwyn-Hughes, J. Hendry, Henriette Werner (£1), L. N. P. (12*s.*); E. G. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. King, R. Miller (10*s.*); a Welshwoman (6*s.* 6*d.*); Denis H. R. Brearley, W. G. Davis, F. M. Dent, B. Levistein (6*s.*); John Blake, P. C. Crick, Kathleen Drewe, J. Roussin (5*s.*); Anon. (2*s.* 6*d.*).

An entertaining New Year!

★ Again all records have been broken! More readers have given Five Shilling Gift Subscriptions than up to the same time in previous years. Nevertheless if this year follows its predecessors in the matter of numbers, we shall receive more Five Shilling Gift Subscriptions for the New Year than for Christmas.

★ If encouragement is needed the new series, announced editorially and commencing next week, should suffice. Most of your friends will wish to read the views of leaders such as Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. J. M. Keynes on the question of whether Democracy is competent to meet Totalitarianism. (Other contributors are to be announced later.)

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To the Manager, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 *Great Turnstile, London, W.C.*1.

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Further names and addresses may be added on a separate sheet if desired. Please write clearly.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In 1913 James Larkin, the leader of the Dublin strikers, was billed to address a meeting at the Albert Hall. A number of students of The Royal School of Mines, probably influenced by Ulstermen, planned to prevent its being held by cutting off the electric light, invading the hall and rushing the platform. As I sympathised with the strikers and believed in free speech and wanted to hear Larkin, I rang up the organisers of the meeting and warned them of what was being prepared. Then, being a student myself, I found it difficult to get into the hall, since all young men in flannel bags and sports jackets were being turned away and there were policemen on the steps to see that they obeyed. The friend who accompanied me happened, however, to attract the benevolent attention of the well-known Socialist Jack (now Sir John) Squire, who vouched for us, and we were admitted. The hall and its corridors were patrolled by scores of bloodthirsty stewards some of whom had armed themselves with lengths of lead piping, and the hall was itself surrounded by a vast number of foot and mounted police. The attempt to cut off the lighting failed, and the students and the police had a considerable set-to outside. A mounted policeman was hurled over the parapet and through the skylight of the Students' Union, falling astride the bar below, to the astonishment of the barmaid. Only a bare dozen of the students got into the hall where they were mercilessly bludgeoned, one of them, with whom I sometimes played poker, being thrown through a glass door in a quite unnecessary and disgusting way. Thus, with the mixed feelings of an informer with a foot in each camp, did I hear Larkin. He was incomparably the finest orator I have heard, just as Chaliapin was the finest singer—and for the same physical reasons. Larkin was, I believe, actually taller than Chaliapin and could have outroared the Russian. There was no fat on him. He was absolutely unself-conscious and seemed to care nothing whatever for his audience. I cannot remember any appeal to reason, or anything constructive in his speech, which was a recital of wrongs and an assault on persons. He was deadly in earnest and, walking up and down like an infuriated tiger, he roared out his message of defiance to the capitalist system and of death to Murphy. There striding about the platform one beheld the whole of the sweated, starved, exploited working class suddenly incarnate in the shape of a gigantic Tarzan of all the slum jungles of the West. At that time Larkin *was* the Irish Labour Movement, and I have been vividly reminded of him by the account and photograph in *Green Banners : the Story of the Irish Struggle*, by R. M. Fox (Secker and Warburg, 12*s.* 6*d.*). It is the history, told of course with complete sympathy, but extremely well, of how a small minority of Irish men and women were able to rekindle the expiring embers of an ancient and detestable vendetta, and by a criminal appeal to force, subject their country to the horrors of years of civil and guerilla warfare merely to achieve a form of independence chiefly characterised by relabelling everything, or painting it green. Ireland would be far more prosperous and happy if it had been given Home Rule in 1912.

* * *

The appeal to violence and the present state of Ireland was the work of Carson and of the mutineers in the British Army responsible for " the Curragh incident." It was the " loyal " mutineers and the men who armed the " loyal " Ulster volunteers to resist the British Government who showed the " disloyal " Irish Nationalists that violence was a successful policy which could be followed with impunity. As Mr. Fox says :

> With the Curragh mutiny, the fiction that the army is above or beneath politics vanished. . . . In Ireland—where the veneer of constitutionalism is fairly thin—the lesson was not lost on young men who looked for inspiration to the Fenians. . . .

Mr. Fox's summary of events would have gained had he referred to that given by Mr. Lionel Curtis in *Civitas Dei* who after putting the blame of the resort to force entirely upon Ulster, states on first-hand authority :

> The Ulster leaders had now laid their plans to arrest the British officials in Belfast, and to set up a provisional government of their own on receipt of a telegram from Sir Edward Carson. He had written this telegram and was on his way to dispatch it, when a note from Mr. Asquith reached him to say that war between England and Germany was now merely a question of hours. The message was never dispatched. The fact that in July 1914 England was nearer to civil war than she had been since Charles I raised his standard at Nottingham in 1642 is now almost forgotten.

* * *

Not only did Carson's appeal to violence inspire the dwindling ranks of Sinn Fein—a movement which had spent its force—but it dished the Irish Labour Movement. When Carson talked of violence, Larkin naturally did the same. When the Ulster volunteers were being drilled with rifles run in from Germany, Larkin's successor, James Connolly, began drilling " The Citizen Army," and Liberty Hall, the Headquarters of the Irish Labour movement, was turned into an armed fortress. The consequence of this was that the Citizen Army was absorbed by the I.R.A. and expended itself in fighting a purely nationalist struggle under the leadership of Arthur Griffith, who hated everything to do with the working-class movement. English and Irish, Ulster and Sinn Fein, rivalled each other in stupidity. Connolly took part in the crime of the Easter week rising which horrified Irish opinion until General Maxwell was given a free hand and the leaders of the rebellion were shot, including the wounded Connolly. All the rebels should have been exiled for life to the Scilly Islands. To shoot a few, leaving Michael Collins and De Valera among the survivors, was insane. With the shooting of this handful of the Easter week rebels the fate of Ireland was decided. It was impossible to crush Ireland without using Cromwell's methods of extirpation, which would not be applied in an age differing so greatly in temper from Cromwell's. Yet the rebellion was practically crushed, and the rebels almost without arms, when Lloyd George called for a truce. It was because Griffith and Collins were practical men and knew the Treaty was their last chance that they accepted it. The slums of Dublin were left. As Mr. Fox says :

> No wonder an O'Casey character cries out : " You lost your best principles when you lost your strong right arm. That's the only principle worth anything to a working man."

* * *

I turned hopefully to *Irish Mitchel* by Seamus MacCall (Nelson, 12*s.* 6*d.*), a biography of the author of *Jail Journal*, but was disappointed. The best quality of *Jail Journal* is the sincerity and the goodness of the author, whose character comes out in the scruples recorded in his conversations with his doppelganger :

> *Doppelganger :* . . . your anxiety for the success of the French Republic springs from something else than zeal for the welfare of the human race.
>
> *The Ego :* A fig for the human race ; to be sure it does.
>
> *Doppelganger :* Yes ; it is born of no love of mankind, or even of French mankind, but of pure hatred of England and a diseased longing for blood and carnage . . . and for the *chance* of getting Ireland severed from Britain in the dreadful *mêlée*, do you desire to see all Europe and America plunged in desperate war ?

The character of the man who argued in this way is simplified and dramatised so that the last thing the reader would guess at is the existence of a doppelganger. Moreover, there are odd statements. For example, in the brief account of Mitchel's grandson, who was Mayor of New York, it is stated that President Wilson insisted upon his serving in the Aviation Corps.

> For both President Wilson and Secretary Baker knew very well that John, as a result of his work in the tropics, was subject to attacks of acute headache, and that these attacks were most easily provoked by a sudden change of altitude.

Owing to this piece of " political chicanery," Wilson's " rival to the presidency " fell out of a defective aeroplane in which he had been sent up and was killed. Incidentally this Mitchel was thoroughly convinced of the righteousness of the Allied cause. I am ready to believe a lot of bad about Wilson, but require more proof of this yarn.

DAVID GARNETT

"PASSION'S SLAVE"

Chateaubriand. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Trans. by VERA FRASER. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"There is a distinction independent of fortune; it is an individual air seeming to make us destined for great things; a value which little by little we set on ourselves. . . ." Thus La Rochefoucauld; and I think we can say that the air he describes was in the possession of Chateaubriand, whose fortune was confined to his ancient name and never, at any time, included pecuniary wealth. Pride is born of secret misfortune—in Chateaubriand's case that of a childhood and youth spent in the dreary fastness of a Breton castle; tyrannised over by a father whose sense of what was right went untempered by imagination of needs different from his own; unassisted by a mother almost as perplexed as her children in the pathless night of her husband's rigid existence; betrayed by solitude and incomprehension into thinking he had discovered Life in the lurid adoration of his sister Lucile—a false dawn of emotion which, whether or no the hints in *René* are to be taken literally (M. Maurois evades this issue), set him on a path that was bordered from beginning to end with desolation and self-defeat.

Outwardly, Chateaubriand's career was one of the utmost brilliance and variety. By the age of twenty-four he had had more active experience than ninety-nine out of every hundred young men manage to achieve; but, owing to the obscure inner deaths of his boyhood, he was never able to accept from experience what is inexorable in men and things. Thus, by what I should call *surromantisme*, Chateaubriand set himself to forge a personality according to an image which continually threw its light *back* instead of forward on to life. Such a method always puts its users in a false position. Readers of M. Maurois' sensible, well-constructed biography cannot fail to be struck by the fact that Chateaubriand is always himself alone *vis-à-vis* some external reality—politics, women, men of power. He never attempted to fuse with objective reality in order to create an organic result; it is always himself producing an effect on things and people considered as actionless, whether they were really so or not. So haughty an attitude is insulting, and from it arose that hostility which defeated him, again and again, until he sank back, with clenched mouth, an embittered but unconvincible old man. People resent extremely having their intelligence impugned, even by those whom they recognise as their superiors; and this is what Chateaubriand was continually doing. Let us look at him opposite two of the problems I have just mentioned: politics and women.

It is axiomatic that romantics, since they cannot adapt their ideals, should never engage in political life. At best, such individuals produce a generous adventurer (e.g., Byron in Greece); at worst, the modern dictator. But, unlike Byron, whose poetry was a secondary activity, Chateaubriand was essentially a poet goaded into a life of action by his own vanity and the urgencies of one of the most exciting periods in the whole of history. Here his brilliant intellectual gifts (his brain was probably the equal of Voltaire's) landed him repeatedly in situations where it was necessary to face the practical application of principles to incidences; this he could never manage without bringing either his honour into disrepute or his professional standing into jeopardy. His was the lifelong struggle of all aristocratic intellectuals: the soul divided between the Liberalism which his mind told him was the decent way of social development, and the Royalism with which tradition and upbringing had enfolded his heart. At every turn his self-hatred cancelled his self-love in acts of an intransigence that seem, now noble, now vile, now merely silly. His admiration for Napoleon did not—could not—survive the murder of the Duc d'Enghien; but while his wonderful analysis of the emperor's mean and vulgar character (*Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, Vol. IV) is probably the best ever penned, his public behaviour to him cannot always be justified. Subsequent events made Chateaubriand's position ever more difficult, and the facts of his struggle with an intelligent but not clever realist like Villèle; his dual attitude to the revolution of 1830 (which M. Maurois thinks justified); his total failure to make a success of his ambassadorship in London: are so many examples of his inability to take a consistently pragmatic view of public affairs and of his own career. Such is the upshot of M. Maurois' able and dexterous account, and if he seems sometimes over-indulgent to the orchestration of Chateaubriand's more frenzied climaxes (e.g., his accusation of Decazes over the Louvel affair), his analysis is never seriously at fault.

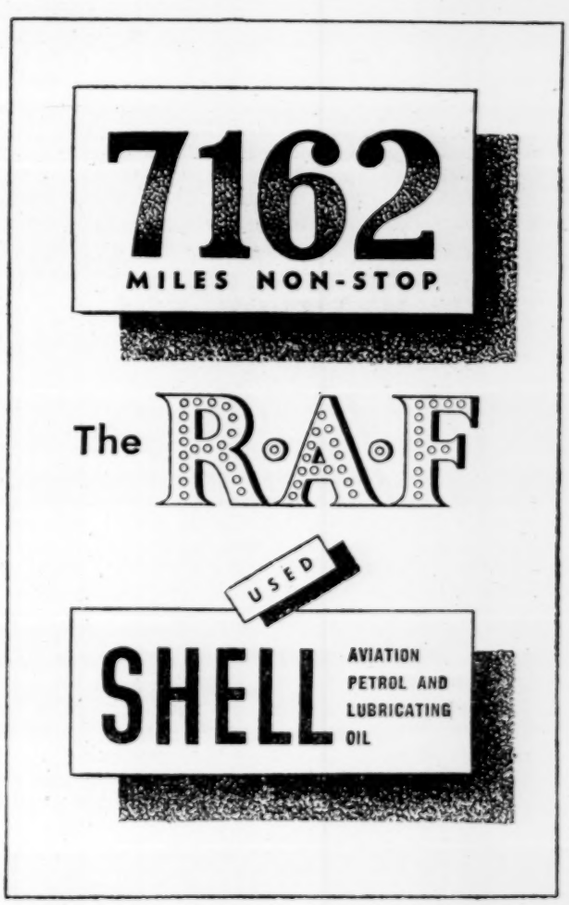
When he comes to his hero's dealings with women, M. Maurois does not mince matters. A perfect Don Juan, Chateaubriand, like Byron, approached all women with that hopelessly ambivalent attitude which ensures its possessor a life strewn with the blood-drained corpses of lovers. But (and herein lies the tragedy of such affairs) the women who attracted him—a Mme. de Custine, a Natalie de Noailles—were his complements in neurosis. Like Caroline Lamb, "they were unhappy before ever he met them," and suffered from an instability at least as grave as his own. Mme. de Beaumont with her tuberculosis, Mme. de Noailles with her melancholia, countered his fickleness with weapons of their own. Yet, though clearly incapable of love, Chateaubriand was constant in affection where his initial illusionment had not been too extreme. He told a deep truth about himself when he wrote of René:

> Est-ce ma faute si je trouve partout des bornes, si ce qui est fini n'a pour moi aucune valeur? Cependant je sens que j'aime la monotonie des sentiments de la vie, et si j'avais encore la folie de croire au bonheur, je le chercherais dans l'habitude.

L'habitude in his case meant (1) Mme. de Chateaubriand, (2) Mme Récamier.

The role of the former was an ungrateful one. Perhaps she might have played it better, but I hardly think so. It is the tragedy of such a position as hers that *in any case* no one would give her credit for the way she bore it: the wives of famous amorists get but a grudging recognition, the truth being that their husbands' antics always make them look a bit silly, however they behave. M. Maurois, as usual, does his best to be fair, but his lack of sympathy with the sarcastic, sheep-faced Mme. de Chateaubriand pierces. Yet the fact remains that she stuck to the man, in spite of much—so much, in fact, that it is difficult to be severe if, when her ageing husband complained that he felt cold, her answer was to open the window wider.

The divine Mme. Récamier occupies an altogether different room. Alone of Chateaubriand's mistresses she managed by some miraculous means to keep his respect for her up to the very end; and there is something wonderfully touching in the spectacle of the profound mutual fidelity of these two. Easy conquests, frankly squalid lusts—such as that for Hortense Allart—were a necessity



of Chateaubriand's nature; but they were the least important part of his emotional life. Judge a man by his friends and the record of one who inspired affection in Fontanes and Joubert, and abiding love in Juliette Récamier, is seen to be not so bad.

Characters that do not mature deteriorate, by a kind of sclerosis of the emotional system that has fought so long against the enforced arrest of its development. Here a comparison with the parallel case of Goethe is instructive, and I am surprised that M. Maurois did not think it worth making. Goethe was not less of an egotist than Chateaubriand, but he husbanded his personality to better purpose and ended by penetrating very deep indeed into human experience, whereas Chateaubriand, for all his multifarious activity, never got beyond the first few strata. Yet in the brilliance of his gifts he was hardly inferior to Goethe. Because he was less inclined to dilute his intellect by efforts after omniscience, it is possible that in individual instances the Frenchman's vision was the more poignantly clear. Goethe was (and had every reason to be) an optimist, and optimists—especially old ones—lack the terrible self-knowledge and perspicacity of those in whom reigns a daily renewed despair. To know oneself as well as Chateaubriand knew himself is to construct a personality mortised throughout with bitterness. Remove the latter and the personality falls to pieces. Goethe ran no such risk. His self-knowledge was lined with the comforting thought that no man can be expected to do better than his best; and there hangs about the *Conversations with Eckermann*, full as they are of wisdom, the stuffy smell of Teutonic complacency. Chateaubriand avoided this snare. Certainly he was not humble; but his lack of complacency was a positive attribute. Pride such as his fosters a brand of indifference that is not far from modesty—a modesty quite compatible with that inability to accept a low standard of happiness which confers on men like this an inevitable greatness in whatever they do. Chateaubriand is unthinkable in terms of Night-Starvation and its cosy dramas. In this sense he was a high type of human being, an important phase in the evolution of the Renaissance Man. Thus it is not wholly to his discredit if a classical character like Alfred de Vigny mistook him for a charlatan.

M. Maurois' book is essentially a biography and the exigencies of a very complicated life have rather tended to push Chateaubriand the writer into the background—a pity perhaps unavoidable within the bounds of an already longish, though always eminently readable, book. Nevertheless I wish M. Maurois had found time to enlarge on his subject's contribution to European literature—to show by quotation how the prose of the *Génie*, of the *Itinéraire*, of the astounding *Mémoires*, added new instruments to the orchestra of romantic style and created a new kind of vision without which the grand sweep of Hugo, the evocations of Flaubert, the lyrical impressionism of Zola and Conrad and Proust, would lack something of their rapturous power.

The translation is generally adequate, but contains several awkward Gallicisms and a few tiresome ambiguities.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MYTH OF EDEN

Anthony Eden. By ALAN CAMPBELL JOHNSON. *Hale.* 15s.

Mr. Eden has been fêted in America as the man whom Hitler cursed and Chamberlain dismissed. But I wonder what the Americans really made of this discreet aristocrat, with his delight in Rimbaud and Proust, his closed circle of genteel friends and his high-sounding but singularly vague orations on the sanctity of international law. An English Roosevelt? I hardly think so. Earl Baldwin's protégé is too self-consciously remote from party politics, too Olympian in his assumption that England never was and never will be a democracy. "We have not got democratic government to-day. We never had it, and I venture to suggest to Honourable Members opposite that we shall never have it. What we have done in all the progress of reform and evolution of politics is to broaden the basis of oligarchy." Spoken in 1928, these words of Eden's breathe a Whig hauteur which make Earl Baldwin by comparison scarcely a gentleman. Their author dislikes appeasement, but the dislike is inspired, not by democratic indignation, but by an old-fashioned diplomat's contempt for botched negotiations and for truckling to gangsters. For the Cranbornes and Edens of this world, Mr. Chamberlain is a vulgar parvenu with no feelings for the Foreign Office tradition and no respect for international etiquette. In fact, he is not much better than Mr. Lloyd George, who really began the rot in British politics and against whom, in spite of many friendly overtures, Mr. Eden has directed some of his sharpest attacks. Though Americans enjoyed the chance of expressing their hatred of Hitler and contempt for Mr. Chamberlain, they can have found little response in Mr. Eden to their crudely Republican love of freedom. No fireside chats from this hero of democracy.

Mr. Campbell Johnson's book helps to explain this paradox. It would have been a great deal more useful if it had contained less of Mr. Johnson and more of Mr. Eden. But in spite of this defect, *Anthony Eden* contains many of the relevant facts and some useful quotations, though far too few, from Mr. Eden's speeches. The material is sufficient at least for a discussion of the Myth of Eden.

Here is a younger son of a distinguished family, with a good war record, an Oxford First in Oriental languages, expert knowledge of the Near East and useful marriage connections with the *Yorkshire Post*. Natural enough that he should go into politics and soon secure a safe seat at Leamington. Natural too that he should hold sound Die-hard views on emigration and on the dangers of disarmament, and prefer Mr. Baldwin's conception of Empire to that of Lord Beaverbrook. Captain Eden was a model back-bencher: though his speeches lacked fire, their manner was always impeccable.

But the truth is that his proper place was not in the House of Commons but in the Foreign Office. In the post-war world foreign policy has become a party issue, and its control demands not only diplomatic *expertise* but the cruder qualities of the politician. Anthony Eden showed from the first a diplomatic, not a political, interest in foreign affairs. Ever since 1926, when he became Private Secretary to Austen Chamberlain, his foreign policy has developed along narrow Foreign Office lines, and he accepted for years the executive position of Ambassador at large with obvious enjoyment. His greatest successes, in the Yugo-Slav-Hungarian crisis, the Saar Plebiscite and the Nyon Conference, have been successes of professional diplomacy which would have been largely carried out in pre-war years by Ambassadors. Working successively under Austen Chamberlain, Simon and Hoare, he learnt the patience of the Civil Servant who can only push his own views by making his superior believe that he thought of them himself. Such men do not resign when thwarted but bide their time.

Between 1926 and 1934 Eden was an opponent of the Geneva Protocol, the Optional Clause, and of League action in Manchuria; and as late as 1935 he showed no sort of enthusiasm for the Peace Ballot which was to make him the haughty darling of the L.N.U. He poured scorn on the League when it could have been used for disarmament and revision, and the strengthening of German democracy; and was only converted to its use when the Foreign Office needed an instrument for curbing the ambitions of the Nazis. Even then he was a party to the fantastic notion of combining sanctions and conciliation, of building a Stresa Front and defending Abyssinia simultaneously.

Anthony Eden became a popular hero when the requirements of Conservative policy seemed to coincide with the practice of Collective Security. The Myth of Eden won the election of 1935 and survived the Hoare-Laval Pact. But there is nothing to prove that a difference of *principle* existed between him and either Sir Samuel Hoare or Mr. Chamberlain over the Abyssinian and Spanish crises. He agreed with them that Britain must always retain complete freedom with regard to participation in League action against an aggressor and "refrain from dividing Europe into ideological camps." Like them, he was concerned not to strengthen the democratic forces in Spain, but "to maintain law and order" and to isolate the war even when this meant the victory of Fascism. He only resigned when Mr. Chamberlain decided to jettison his Foreign Office advisors and experiment with appeasement. Even then, the difference was about means and not about ends. In all these respects, he remains a pre-war diplomatist. He is the true successor to Sir Edward Grey, with the difference that Grey was permitted by his Premier to face the risks of war and Eden was not. Strange that progressive people should find in his humane imperialism a panacea for our present ills.

For this circumstances were largely to blame. Certainly Mr. Eden himself was not an accomplice in the making of the Eden Myth. Unlike the L.N.U. he conceived of the League Council as a permanent council of Ambassadors, and frankly based his policy upon the *entente cordiale*. Himself a party to the indefinite postponement of oil sanctions, he objected to the manner not to the matter of the Hoare-Laval Pact and of the Anglo-Italian understanding. But alas! like Sir Robert Van-

sittart, he has been rejected by the interests which he served and worshipped by a public which he disdains. And he remains a Conservative not through cowardice or personal loyalties, but because he is passionately convinced that the methods and objectives of pre-war diplomacy are still valid in 1938.

Fundamental divisions about foreign policy arise from differing conceptions of the national interests which foreign policy should secure. The Right desires to maintain the *status quo*, the Left to create or to defend an international situation in which the forces of democracy may advance. Anthony Eden, conceiving of England as a benign social oligarchy, believes that this oligarchy can best be maintained by bringing aggressors under the control of international law. Like the German Junkers, he fears Fascism not because it destroys the Labour Movement, but because it challenges the traditional authority of the old ruling class and undermines the old diplomatic order. Mr. Chamberlain comes to terms with the dictators because he fears revolution; Eden refuses to, except on his own terms, because he has no idea what social revolution means. Exclusively a diplomatist, he has not Mr. Chamberlain's business appreciation of the class war.

That is why Mussolini and Hitler cannot abide him. He is so Olympian in his aloofness from the problems of industrial life that he is quite unmoved by talk of the Communist menace. For him Bolshevik, like Czarist, Russia is simply a factor in the international game, and Hitler another variant of Wilhelm II. Our one youthful Minister was the only Member of the National Government whose outlook was entirely pre-war. Possibly he may lead the Tory Party back to its traditional diplomacy—ignorance is often in politics a sublime virtue, since it strengthens faith—but, unless he suffers a conversion, he can never inspire a democratic revival either abroad or at home. Not for him even the role of Kerensky.

This does not mean that he could not be useful to democracy. A reactionary, whose immediate policy agrees with that of the Left, can always be of service to it, especially when his skill is great and his sincerity unquestioned. Mr. Eden could be a capable Foreign Minister under a great democratic leader. But the Eden Myth, which neglects his real qualities and eulogises virtues which he never possessed, is a dangerous illusion. Mr. Campbell Johnson's book contains facts which should be pondered by readers of the *News Chronicle* and by all who see the necessity of a National Opposition but are ready to place it under Die-hard control.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE OXFORD GROUP

By The Grace of God. A Book of Religious Experience. *Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.*

It is easy to find things which the Oxford Group is not; the difficulty lies in defining what it is. Seventeen authors here unite to make the unflattering implication that it is the machinery for extracting things from God. Yet must not a movement which has given new strength to many sincere and valuable Christians be something more than this? Must not these 450 pages of confession and example justify an affectionate humility towards Dr. Buchman? Seventeen authors lay out the evidence, and the seventeen-fold persuasion is conclusive. Towards a movement in the emotional compost of which there is so firm a stiffening of Pontifex affection would be out of place and humility an impertinence. Let us begin, then, by taking the Group at its own estimate; agree that it surges forward, triumphantly at sea; and examine what kind of token has been committed, a good solid bottle, to the unrepenting waters.

What exactly is the Group? On the evidence of seventeen authors, it is an association of persons whose unifying link is the belief that by surrendering their lives to Christ not only will they gain the rewards promised every Christian—though these, perhaps as too unbusinesslike, are kept in the background—but also the best things of this world, among which are to be counted (we read) unexpected cheques, trips across the Pacific, and "a faultlessly fitting morning-suit" sent by God just in time for a wedding. These advantages are obtained by the simplest of means. You surrender yourself, and then begin asking. In return you witness, with the minister's permission, at your family church or—if you have the good fortune to be in Kimberley—at "the most sporting hotel in town"; into the bargain, should you be president of Stellenbosch's Atheist Club, or a boxing blue, or a dowager, or an

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industrial magnate, you are likely to find yourself further rewarded by a series of expensive but elevating treats, whether they be a week-end of confession at the house of "a famous Chinese diplomat" or, as I have read elsewhere, the chance of meeting some Balkan royalty on a Group cruise under the aegis of a changed great lady.

All this is harmless enough; and Dr. Buchman is only to be congratulated if he can attain the more conventional guerdon of the saints by methods such as those described on page 76. Less harmless, though, than pious junketings is the atmosphere of go-getting with which they are surrounded. It will be noticed that the saints of the Group are almost uniformly good-looking. There is a Rugger enthusiast on page 369 who is "probably the handsomest man in the Oxford Group." There are giant Scotsmen and young giants and bronzed young Friars and trim young Esquimaux galore. Over the emotive surface of religion, which alone appears to be touched by the Group, start up the inelegant memorials to worldly success, athletic prowess, a rising income, power, which are more generally associated with correspondence courses than with religious bodies. "I had not yet learned," says Dr. Buchman, "that a confessing Christian is a propagating Christian. A costly confession may be the price of power." What power, it may be asked, and over whom? Surely not power over one's own soul if, as Father Winslow professes on another page, effort is not only unnecessary but wrong. Dogma, too, is superseded. The experience of nineteen hundred years has shown, it would seem, no avenue comparable to the Quiet Time for taking trivialities to God. Trivialities, since, if Guidance knows no dilemma, there can only be questions of temporary importance for Him to resolve. Little victories for the little man: that is the justification of the Group which emerges from this book.

The Oxford Group, of course, is only the latest appearance of an old friend. Dr. Buchman is to religious experience what D. H. Lawrence is to the English language; and just as before Lawrence came Whitman and Blake, so before Buchman came Spurgeon and Whitefield and the Countess of Huntingdon. Closest of all, in their particular appeal to the bourgeois, come those Perfectionists of whom Mr. Pearsall-Smith has a warning tale to tell; and as to the revival stories, you can read the like in the forgotten Welsh novels of Allen Raine. In fact, it would seem that Dr. Buchman, with the help of the Zeitgeist, has done no more than put the bad conscience of the non-professing Christian on a sound financial basis. This is no aspersion on Dr. Buchman. Emotion, like any other commodity, can be capitalised from the highest possible motives; nor is a vested interest in sin the perquisite of any one branch of the faith.

The pity is that the ordinary man's mistrust of reason, let alone of emotional asceticism, leads him to acquiesce in Dr. Buchman's valuation of an incident such as that on page 76 already referred to, and typical of the Group at work.

There are four steps in it. First the sin: doing down the railway company. Then the guidance: restitution and confession. "I remembered that a cheque had come in recently to help me in any way I chose, and this had been forgotten in a multitude of duties and was adequate for the restitution." Then the penance: confession to the assembled house-party. Last of all the reward: someone else is moved to restore money and is indemnified by Heaven with an even bigger cheque; and there are confessions all round. "Another person present had told a lie in Sweden."

What alarms in this incident is its dreadful mediocrity. Every day it is being borne in upon us that the denial of reason brings with it the flagging of civilisation; yet it is upon the assertion of instinct at the expense of reason that the Oxford Group depends for its one positive idea. If instinct alone got Dr. Buchman out of a mediocre hole, it was instinct alone which got him into it; and to recognise in instinct the prompting of God entails nothing more sacred than the subjective consecration of desire. Yet we are to believe that confessions on these lines form an invaluable part of the process of salvation. Either, then, the Groupers conceal, very sensibly, their mortal sins from the public eye, or the Group has failed signally in attracting those who are in greatest need of it. Most of us, I think, could prompt from common gossip a few eminent Groupers of our own acquaintance for their next appearance in the public confessional.

Urged forward, however, by such examples the Group has made great headway in Debrett and the Colonies. The poor, it would seem, unless they have a spectacular conversion behind them, are generally left to find their own salvation; or confided to that serviceable institution, the Salvation Army, whose rescue work provides the most inspiriting pages of this book.

That there are excellent men and some excellent things in the Group cannot be denied. Any religious revival is bound to pollinate some fine spirit among the rest; and this one can claim to have brought comfort to the old and the rich. No idea which takes hold of thousands can be unadulterated rubbish; and of course dogma can cramp, of course God is not superior towards our trivialities, of course the notion of guidance gives strength. But to harness all the means of Heaven to a Benthamite end; to speak to God through the bowels, like any little Blackshirt invoking his Leader; to justify an immense spiritual pride by brandishing a miraculous pass-book; no, thank you! ALAN PRYCE-JONES

MORE LIGHT ON THE QUEEN

A Vanished Victorian. THE LIFE OF GEORGE VILLIERS, 4TH EARL OF CLARENDON, 1800–1870. By his grandson, GEORGE VILLIERS. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 18*s*.

Lord Clarendon was a sagacious statesman and a most likeable man. If, as the title of this biography suggests, he has "vanished" from the general memory, it is because neither his successes nor his failures were spectacular, and he was deficient in the picturesque vices. Energetic but unambitious, a wit but not an author, an aristocrat but a model husband, he commanded and deserved almost universal respect. He was successively Attaché in Petersburg, Minister in Madrid, Viceroy in Dublin, and three times Foreign Minister. In 1913 a Life of Clarendon by Sir Herbert Maxwell was published which is excellent reading. Its author contributed little except ultra-conservative opinions, but quoted lavishly from Clarendon's correspondence and Lady Clarendon's diary. The new biography by Mr. George Villiers seems a little unnecessary: the new material it contains is not large, and the author has made no serious attempt to analyse the more crucial incidents in his grandfather's career. It was, for instance, the misfortune of Clarendon to be Foreign Secretary when this country drifted into the Crimean War: Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was partly responsible for this disaster, and Clarendon was immediately responsible for Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—whom he distrusted but did not recall, a decision that may have been responsible for untold suffering. We must expect his biographer to enter very fully into so capital a point, but Mr. Villiers dismisses the matter in a few unilluminating lines. Nor does he mention the incident, comparatively unimportant, of Clarendon's using Secret Service money to bribe a Dublin newspaper and then paying blackmail in an unsuccessful attempt to conceal the fact. The fewer a man's mistakes, the more incumbent it is upon his biographer to discuss them. But Mr. Villiers prefers to write picturesque descriptions, which, it must be said, are less vulgar than most imitations of Lytton Strachey.

The cleverest action in Clarendon's personal career was his refusal of the Foreign Office in 1851, when Palmerston was obliged to resign. Lord John and the Queen both feared the vindictiveness of Palmerston, who mistakenly thought that Clarendon had been intriguing against him. The refusal finally dispelled this notion, but at the moment Clarendon felt bitter; as Mr. Villiers excellently says: "It is one thing to refuse a proffered crown, but quite another to have the thing snatched from one's gracefully declining hand with such evident alacrity and relief."

The most interesting new matter in this book is quoted from Lady Clarendon's diary and concerned with the Queen. In 1862, a few weeks after the Prince Consort's death:

> Lord Palmerston thinks that any Government will have trouble from her adherence to Prince Albert's opinions, of which she will constitute herself the sole judge . . . the serious misfortune Lord Palmerston sees looking ahead is her unconquerable aversion to the Prince of Wales. He said to the Queen all he ventured to do on the subject, which was not much and without the least effect. He said that with Clarendon's tact he might have a better chance, and he urged him to try.

So try he did.

> Clarendon found this situation much worse than he expected. It was, he said, a positive monomania with her. She got quite excited while speaking of him, and said that it quite irritated her to see him in the room. I believe the poor boy knows of his mother's dislike of him, but seems to have the good taste not to speak of it.

Clarendon saw her again eighteen months later, when the Tory Opposition was harrying the Whig Government:

> When she and Clarendon talked about the possible change of Ministry . . . she said that she felt *that* would be what she could not stand, that she would throw everything up, that she knew she

would go mad, that three times at Balmoral she had thought she was going mad, and that all that a change of Ministry would entail upon her now would be more than her reason could stand; that if they wished to kill her—and most *thankful* to them she would be for that result—they would drive on a change of Government—but that it would kill her, and that through *madness*. She wished the Opposition to know this. Lord Derby she thought she could depend upon, but she knew the Prince's opinion of Disraeli. She wished Clarendon to let them know what the result to her would be of a change of Government now. . . . Whilst talking of the state of her mind her eye and manner became excited, and Clarendon could see that any encouragement would put her into a highly nervous state. She tapped her forehead with her hand and said "My reason, my reason."

This is important, because references to the Queen's fear of madness (and her blackmailing use of it) have hitherto, I think, been suppressed. Where Clarendon is concerned there is a sequel. In 1868 Mr. Gladstone wanted Clarendon back at the Foreign Office, and the Queen objected, as her correspondence shows: she said that "he was the only one of her Ministers who had been impertinent to her." Mr. Villiers, who neglects to present most of the available evidence, thinks that her real reason was his opposition to the idea of German unity, and indeed she included this among her objections. But it is most unlike the Queen to have complained of impertinence unless she genuinely believed in her complaint. Extracts from Lord Halifax's diary suggest that she remembered resentfully remarks he had made to her about the Prince of Wales. He is thought, moreover, to have shocked her by his candid comments upon the German Royalties at the Frankfurt Conference in 1863. (He was always too "satirical" for her bourgeois taste.) In 1865 she wrote that she did not quite trust him, and complained of his petulance. But in 1866 she urgently pressed Clarendon to take the Foreign Office in the Derby administration which he refused—"allegiance to party is the only strong political feeling I have."

It seems, therefore, that her resentment must be traced to something that occurred between 1866 and 1868. Now this was the period when Disraeli first succeeded in getting the Queen into his pocket, and Disraeli must have known that Clarendon acutely disliked, distrusted and despised him. I suggest, therefore, though without any concrete evidence, that the Queen's sudden unexplained aversion from one of her most valued servants was most probably due to Disraeli's mischief-making. In any case, her objections were somehow overcome, the Queen was gracious, and the pother seems never to have reached Clarendon's ears.

Mr. Villiers gives us one more glimpse of the Queen that deserves quotation. When investing Napoleon III with the Garter, she "fumbled *ostensibly* as she always does to show her unfamiliarity with the slightly indiscreet article of male attire."

A cultivated nobleman, conspicuous alike for sense and charm, for integrity and brilliance, Clarendon in his Whiggish way was a good European, and there is an inherited urbanity in this book that makes me wish I could recommend it more warmly. Mr. Villiers rightly admires his grandfather, and desires the common reader to share his admiration. But the reviewer is obliged to confess that this Life is considerably less interesting, because less documented, than Sir Herbert Maxwell's.

If one seeks in the study of the nineteenth century a momentary escape from current distresses, one is often painfully struck by the contrast between the unwilling respect that our foreign policy used to excite in autocrats, and the contempt that now they feel for it. In Madrid Clarendon was the most effective adviser of the liberal Queen in her war against the Carlists. He never shared Palmerston's belief in Constitutions as the panacea for all foreign countries, he was in no way a Jingo, and he was in the Cabinet (but not at the Foreign Office) when this country played such a squalid part in the matter of Schleswig-Holstein. Mr. Villiers quotes from an attack made upon Russell on this occasion by the mercurial Rupert of Debate:

> Thanks to the noble Earl and his colleagues we have at this moment not a single friend in Europe; and this great England, which never gave a promise without the intention of performing, which never threatened without the full intention of striking, which never made a demand without being prepared to enforce it, is now in such a position that its menaces are disregarded, its magniloquent language is ridiculed, and its remonstrances are treated with contemptuous ridicule.

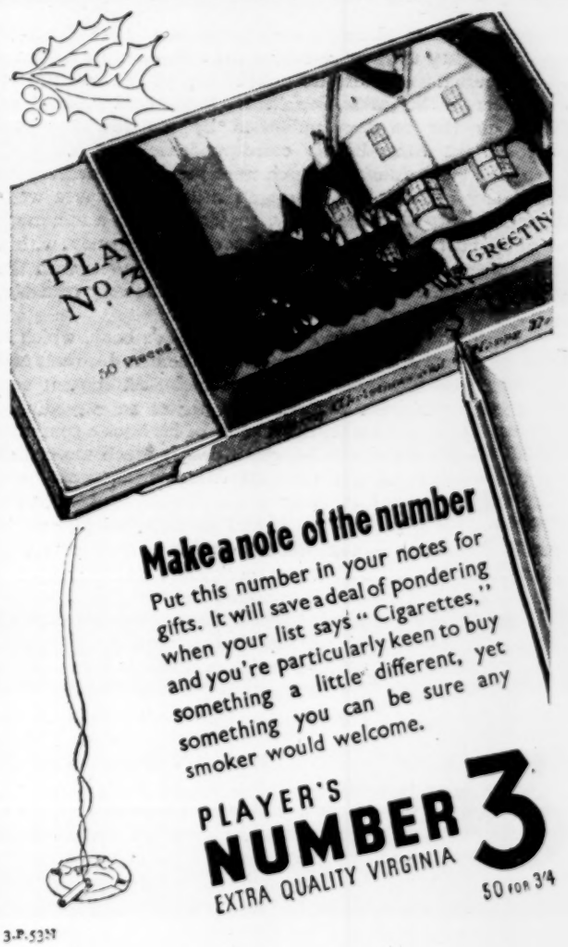
After reading these painfully apposite words, it is a consolation to remember that within a few years England was again playing a powerful, if not a very noble, part in world affairs.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

PHILIPPINE PAGANS

Philippine Pagans. By R. F. BARTON. *Routledge.* 15s.

This book consists of a short general introduction describing the life of the Ifugao, a people of the Philippine hinterland, and three autobiographies of individuals. It is a curious life that emerges; the Americans have put a stop to the intermittent tribal warfare which formerly provided the men with a day's occupation and, while the women do a hard daily round in the fields, the men now only occasionally break off their pursuit of sexual satisfaction to indulge in mock head hunting. It appears to be an exacting life in which every man's activity exceeds the wildest recollection Frank Harris ever produced of his heyday. But of course even in the purely fictional autobiographies of Harris's later years he had to allow that a certain amount of energy had been diverted from the pursuit of women and used in getting on, a wastage that no Ifugao would consider for a moment. In fact, reading this book makes one realise why the reluctance of American women to see the last of these people has been one of the principal obstacles to the repatriation of the now independent Philippinos. It must be said that the book is extremely poor value as erotica; the routine of what the *Daily Express* calls "love affairs" in Ifugao territory is as formal and almost as boring as the routine of challenge and combat in Malory. What is interesting is the price paid by the individual and by society for this freedom of sexual conduct. Love seems to be entirely absent, but jealousy abounds in its most dreary forms, fighting between men over women being common. And the absence of the sugary agonies of calf love has ample compensation in the increased terrors of beginning sex life in public without gentleness. Bad as it may be for the boys, it is a great deal worse for the girls, who begin with rape which is probably none the less unpleasant for being long expected. Later adolescence has a charmless aspect with the boys making a full-time job of tricking and deceiving the girls who on their side are engaged in the drab suburban game of using their bodies as bait to rope in husbands. And this bitter manœuvring between those who want security and those who want to avoid responsibility continues even after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Put this number in your notes for gifts. It will save a deal of pondering when your list says "Cigarettes," and you're particularly keen to buy something a little different, yet something you can be sure any smoker would welcome.
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the Ifugaos have settled down to the stuffy, loveless marriages they make in middle age. The loss to the society takes the form of wastage of energy for which it penalises itself by housing itself badly, feeding itself poorly, and living bleakly. Disagreeable though it may be, Irwin's point about the importance of a fairly high demand for chastity if a society is to maintain its cultural level, or if it is to advance, seems to be fully justified. The littoral Philippinos make high demands for chastity in women and their life contrasts very strikingly with the Ifugao. True, they suffer conspicuously from the neuroses developed by Western peoples and the Ifugao do not, but they live like men and the Ifugao live like intelligent animals.

Mr. Barton has done his work extremely well, and the picture of a society that it presents is in a very clear and sane perspective. The almost irresistible temptation to read social and religious theories of our culture into another has been successfully avoided. One can see what is important to the Ifugao more clearly than what Mr. Barton thought about the Ifugao when he went out to the islands. On one point, however, the author seems to lay down a very questionable theory.

> . . . the implication of this Ifugao instance is that love, as we understand it, arises with monogamy. That it has been reported from non-monogamous or not definitely monogamous peoples time and again does not prove the contrary—the reporters may have read their own culture into the primitive, as I did; only a careful subjective study can determine the truth of the matter.

Luckily the eleventh century novels of Lady Murasaki describe the existence of this emotion in the polygamous Japanese society of the time from the point of view of the woman, often from the point of view of the second string wife. There is also a body of Chinese and Persian literature dealing with the emotion which was written when polygamy was open to all who could afford it. And, although Mr. Barton seems to doubt it, subjective studies of primitive cultures were made before Mr. Gorer formulated his notions.

ANTHONY WEST.

MARX AND MARXISM

Marx. By PROFESSOR KARL KORSCH. *Chapman and Hall.* 6*s.*

Karl Marx. By C. J. S. SPRIGGE. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

Books on Marx and Marxism are a good deal better informed nowadays than they used to be before the Marx-Engels Institute of Moscow began its systematic publication of the writings of the co-founders of Scientific Socialism. Both these books draw extensively on the volumes published by the Institute, and especially on the Marx-Engels correspondence, and on such works as the *German Ideology*, which were previously inaccessible to the ordinary reader. Mr. Sprigge's little volume is a well-written, competent, short biography, containing only a minimum account of Marxist doctrines, but dealing quite adequately, within the limits set by its size, with Marx's life and relations with the Labour and Socialist movements of his day. It is very readable, and remarkably free from jargon.

The same cannot be said of Professor Korsch's book, which is not a life, but an exposition of the essential Marxian doctrines and methods from the standpoint of their sociological content and appeal. Professor Korsch unfortunately writes an exceedingly Teutonic English, which makes the reading of his book a continual struggle. This is a pity; for his exposition is much more than a mere vulgarisation of the essential Marxian doctrines, and embodies a great deal that is of value, especially concerning the relationship between the Marxian and the Hegelian approaches to the study of society. From the standpoint of the reader who is not already familiar with these contrasted approaches, the arrangement of the book is unfortunate; for the author comes to Marx's historical conceptions only in the final section, after an exceedingly difficult opening section, dealing with the theory of society as a whole, and a second section, dealing with Marx's economic doctrines, which unduly presupposes an acquaintance with the work of Adam Smith and Ricardo and with the traditions of classical economic theory. Those who take the trouble to overcome the barriers of Professor Korsch's Teutonic English and Teutonic habit of thought will find in his book one of the best expositions of the Marxian dialectics available to English readers; but students who attempt to approach the study of Marx for the first time through Professor Korsch's pages will be likely to make little of the book, unless they are already well-grounded both in idealist philosophy and in economics. Professor Korsch writes as an unwavering disciple of the master, and there is no word of criticism in his book from beginning to end—apart from criticism of those whom he accuses of having misunderstood Marx's meaning. As exposition, however, the book is, subject to the limitations already mentioned, a remarkable achievement of compression and interpretation.

G. D. H. COLE.

A HUMAN ANATOMIST

Sir Grafton Elliot Smith. A Biographical Record by his Colleagues. Edited by WARREN R. DAWSON. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

At the end of last century a young Australian biologist after a brilliant career at the University of Sydney arrived in this country supported by a modest grant to pursue investigations in the comparative anatomy of the brain. With his earliest papers he achieved the distinction of rescuing cerebral anatomy from the arid descriptive jargon into which it had sunk and of forging from it a powerful tool for biological research which in his own hands yielded the key to the story of mammalian evolution. For forty years Elliot Smith in a long series of special studies and in the encouragement and direction of the researches of his many assistants and disciples built up a body of new neurological knowledge and biological theory which has been so rapidly incorporated into the foundations of modern anatomy that its magnitude is sometimes forgotten.

The present volume is a general biographical record of Elliot Smith's career and a series of appreciations of his work and personality. The anatomists who contribute to it are unanimous in their appreciation of his genius, and the revolutionary character of his now classical papers on the morphology of the mammalian brain is made clear. For the cramming of medical students in anatomy he quite clearly had no aptitude. In his early letters he groans over time wasted in coaching and later, in his lectures at Manchester, he "rated the average intelligence and knowledge of his class too high" so that "many were unable to keep pace with his mental agility." But he grasped and forcibly expressed the need for long overdue reforms in medical education, to which he made substantial contributions, and he is probably the only modern anatomist who, by his public lectures and published essays, has succeeded in interesting and instructing large numbers of laymen.

Many besides his immediate colleagues came in this way to appreciate the charm and robust simplicity of his personality; a charm that was enhanced by his magnificent physique and is captured so successfully in a poem by Sassoon reprinted in this volume:

> Professor Brown with level baritone
> Discoursed into the dusk . . .
> The story ended: and the darkened air
> Flowered while he lit his pipe; an aureole glowed
> Enwreathed with smoke: the moment's match-light showed
> His rosy face, broad brow and smooth grey hair. . . .

Elliot Smith exemplified very completely the mystery of scientific genius. He was notoriously unmethodical; for long spells he would to all appearance idle his time away and then in a burst of concentrated energy produce a magnificently lucid and comprehensive exposition of a problem, displaying both freshness of vision and a remarkable sense of the wider implications. He had in a high degree that capacity usually called flair or intuition for estimating the probabilities in a complex and as yet unanalysed situation. He was humorously sceptical of gadgets, and it is characteristic that in connection with one of his most important researches into the localisation of functions in the brain "he embarked single-handed upon the enormous task of mapping out the entire cortex . . . with no more complicated armamentarium than his knowledge of fissural pattern and a simple lens."

His work in physical anthropology was essentially integral with his neurological researches. It was his mastery of brain structure that made possible the establishment of a new technique, the analysis of endocranial casts prepared from the fossilised skulls of extinct human types.

But early in his life chance took Elliot Smith to Egypt as head of the Cairo Medical School, where he was soon beleaguered by Egyptologists who were recovering mummified bodies and skeletal remains from tombs ranging over more than four thousand years of Egyptian history. A man of Elliot Smith's dynamic and enquiring mind could not long remain a mere technical adviser. Problems in physical anthropology and in the cultural significance of Egyptian mummification and funerary ritual soon engaged

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him and led him to comparative studies from which his theories of diffusion took their rise. In cultural anthropology Elliot Smith destroyed the prestige of the *ad hoc* psychological explanation in ethnology and raised the problem of cultural diffusion in a new and specific form by a series of demonstrations of the probability that diffusion of cultural and especially ritual patterns from the civilisations of the Ancient East were responsible for many practices of so-called primitives in remote areas at the present day. It was a misfortune that Elliot Smith was, through ties and temperament, unable to devote more of his energy more continuously to ethnological problems. Responding with gusto to attacks he sometimes prepared his case hurriedly without full appreciation of the background of particular knowledge on which his more careful critics based their objections, and was led to defend specific claims and propositions which were largely irrelevant to the main issue. There can be no doubt that two of his earliest contributions, his book on "The Ancient Egyptians" and his monograph on "The Migrations of Early Cultures" presented material and hypotheses of the greatest value. But Elliot Smith wrote when comparative ethnological studies were at their nadir and Rivers alone among the older ethnologists appreciated the significance of his views. The co-operation of specialists in the many fields involved would have led to mutual education, but the wordy long-range controversies which actually developed resulted in the crystallising of opposing dogmas. His achievement in cultural anthropology is not to be sought in a major work nor in definitive papers; but his influence is to be seen by the discerning even in the work of many who opposed him or are even unaware of having learned anything from him.

DARYLL FORDE

Mending Minds. (The Truth About Our Mental Hospitals.) By PAUL WINTERTON. *Peter Davies.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Winterton set out a year or so ago with a commission from the *News Chronicle* for a series of articles on the life and work of a public mental hospital. His personal experience then and a fuller study of the whole subject since have resulted in this very interesting and valuable book. It is not, as he says, a pretentious book; it avoids sensationalism, and it does not burden the reader with an excess of technicalities. Mr. Winterton finds, as any honest investigator must find, much to criticise in the conduct of what he calls the "Cinderella of the social services." Since the passing of the Mental Treatment Act in 1930 there have undoubtedly been improvements, but there are still widespread and glaring defects to be remedied. A great many, perhaps most, of what used to be called asylums and are now mental hospitals, are inadequately staffed and equipped. Accommodation, classification and hygiene are unsatisfactory. There is insufficient provision for after-care. The pay of the nurses, though it has improved, is still poor for the work demanded of them. For the reforms that have been carried out Mr. Winterton gives the credit mainly to the central authority, the Board of Control. The blame for what is left undone, or is badly done, he puts on the Local Authorities, though he admits there are exceptions—notably the London County Council. In this general judgment no doubt he is right. But there will be many to demur to his plea that mental health is a service which should be transferred entirely from local to central administration—and there is even less to be said for his casual suggestion that all the public health services should be completely centralised. He is on firmer ground in his proposal that the Board of Control should be given larger powers to lay down and enforce minimum standards of accommodation and after-care, and that bigger grants, earmarked for mental health, should be paid by the Ministry to the Local Authorities. If this were done, we might look not only for the carrying out of obvious and urgent reforms, but for an increase of research and experimentation leading to results such as Mr. Winterton describes in a remarkable chapter on the treatment of G.P.I. by infection with malaria.

Tribune of Rome. The Story of Cola di Rienzo. By IRIS ORIGO. *Hogarth Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Rienzo (for Wagner and Bulwer Lytton misspelled his name) Rienzo was a Dictator who came to grief—a very agreeable topic. And the Marchesa Origo, who has previously written excellently of Leopardi and of Byron's daughter, Allegra, now gives us an elegant and enjoyable life of this mysterious man. How he succeeded, twice, in making himself autocrat of Rome remains unexplained, but the reasons for his downfall seem tolerably clear: he made rigorous Puritanical laws, he wavered between rash cruelty and rasher indulgence, he drew his strength from mystical beliefs, and when he ceased "to see himself as a *vir electus*, the appointed champion of the Holy Ghost, he thought himself not only rejected by man, but abandoned by God." Therefore his courage fell, and he was, on the first occasion, imprisoned, on the second, killed. We are given a lively picture of fourteenth century Rome, with nine hundred towers, from which the nobles issued on their lawless raids, with a brutal population, dependent upon pilgrims for their miserable livelihood, of the fever-stricken marshes, and the feudal strongholds in the mountains. "The ploughman ploughs in armour and pricks the ox with his spear. The fowler covers his nets with his shield; the fisherman fastens his line to his sword. And—this you will hardly believe—the drawer of water lets down his rusty helmet into the well. Nothing happens here except by force of arms." Meanwhile, an absentee in Avignon, the Pope lives luxuriously with his French Cardinals and mistresses. Rienzo, an innkeeper's son who claimed to be the bastard of an Emperor, became a lawyer, popular for defending the oppressed; he was emotional and boastful, but his eloquence impressed Petrarch as well as Popes and Emperors. Joachim of Flora, the Fraticelli, Merlin, the Oracle of Cyril, astrologers—a whole galimatias of nonsensical superstition, rather than any clear aim or ideology, gave him his energy and his purpose. At one moment he was the champion of united Italy and the national idea, at another of the foreign Emperor against the Papacy. By vividly describing the eccentricities of the mediaeval "climate," the author enables us not to comprehend Rienzo, but to realise how incomprehensible to us these times must remain. When the Queen of Naples had her husband murdered and then married her lover, the Papal Court absolved her, on the plea that a magic spell had caused her to hate her husband. Fra Moreale, the condottiere who restored Rienzo to power, boasted on the rack: "I am a Knight, and desired to rise to great honours. Therefore I sold the cities of Tuscany, and took prisoners, and laid waste the countryside. . . . I have been good in this world, and I shall be good before God." Rienzo, immersing himself in the porphyry font of Constantine, summoning the rival Emperors to judgment, interpreting his own dreams, abasing himself with the hermits of the Abruzzi, accoutring himself in scarlet and gold, is picturesque and fantastic. The researches of Frazer or Malinovski would throw more light on him, one feels, than the classic accounts given by historical scholars. The story is exciting, the style in which it is told is distinguished, and the character of Rienzo himself may throw some light upon the Tribune who now moves between Nuremburg and Berchtesgaden.

Salween. By RONALD KAULBACK. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 18*s.*

An exceptionally well-conducted expedition into the mountains of Tibet was in no sense a failure except in so far as its objective, the source of the Salween, remains to be discovered; very likely by the present author. Ronald Kaulback's account of the expedition is a valuable contribution to geographical literature. But to the general reader the book will owe its interest to the intelligent and often amusing appreciation of the Tibetans to whom the expedition was variously indebted. Ronald Kaulback has studied the Tibetan language, and his own very practical aims have yet gained him the friendship of eminent monks and magicians. The photographs add greatly to the book's interest.

About Motoring

A NEW ROLLS

THE announcement of a new Rolls is always an event. Extremists of the Left variously consider that all motoring should be prohibited, or that until identical *Rotwagens* can be issued in Utopia to the entire adult population the present inadequate supply of motor cars should be allotted in order of priority to (i) invalids; (ii) the aged; and (iii) the more important commissars. Nevertheless, until such time as the extreme Left is in a position to control the production and distribution of cars, we may momentarily slough off our political convictions, and enjoy the purely technical pleasure of appreciating a new Rolls; and surely even Stalin in his unguarded moments—if he has any—would admit that a Rolls-less world would be a poorer planet. This new Rolls is a modern version of the 25-30 h.p. Of the two components of genius—perspiration and inspiration—it betrays principally the former. The Rolls people have always manifested an infinite capacity for taking pains, and there is nothing very startling or even original about the individual items of this incarnate excellency. It is only when one occupies a seat in the car, or better still, takes the wheel, that the enthusiast is conscious of perfection beneath him. It may be outrageous that when millions are underfed and exist in grimy slums, individuals by the hundred should expend £1,100 on a naked chassis, or £1,885 on a complete motor car; but if anything could excuse such contrasts, this car approaches the impossible, for on the road it furnishes sensations which can only be described as pure isolated motion. No effort is involved in the various controlling movements which a driver must make. The car steers to a hair on finger pressure. The gears slide inaudibly into mesh. The brakes arrest her at speed with no more exertion than a comfortable shoe indents a rich pile carpet. For those who lounge idly inside her and converse or peer, there are no shocks or bouncings. Their bodies are softly sustained on yielding supports, which do not swing or rise or

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QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.
S. MARTIN'S. When We are Married. Tu., Fr.
SAVILLE. Geneva. Wed., Sat.
SAVOY. Treasure Island. Daily at 2.30
SHAFTESBURY. Good-bye, Mr. Chips. W., S.
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"ALERTE EN MEDITERRANÉE" (A)
Also DANIELLE DARRIEUX in
"*MAYERLING*" (A)

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 26th, for SEVEN DAYS
WILL FYFFE in
OWD BOB (U)
and two charming Disney cartoons,
LULLABYLAND and LITTLE HIAWATHA (U)

LONDON PAVILION. Ger. 2982
Commencing Boxing Day, from 10 a.m.
Frederick MARCH, Joan BENNETT in
"TRADE WINDS" (A)
Cont. Daily from 10 a.m. (Suns., 5.30)

fall. At express train speeds the vehicle makes far less fuss than the cheap mass-produced midget creates at twenty miles an hour. With a Rolls-approved body there is no roar of passing wind, though with Rolls-approved tyres and a window open the smooth sizzle of rubber treads on tarmac may rank as obtrusive when all else is like the transit of a dream. There are cheaper cars—cheaper by £1,500 or so, which may aspire to ape the Rolls motion at one carefully selected speed when they are just new, when the initial roughness has been worn off by a few hundred careful miles, and the ship, as Kipling would have put it, is beginning to find herself. But it is characteristic of the Rolls that when she leaves the factory she instantaneously produces the pluperfect form of road motion, that she continues to do it throughout an incredibly extended working life, that during her ten or even fifteen years of silky service she demands the absolute minimum of attention, and that she achieves all these feats on very low working costs. The Rolls engineers cannot, of course, control such extraneous matters as the high tax which a callous Government may impose upon the poems which are breathed into existence at Derby, nor yet on the premiums which soulless insurance companies exact from powerful cars, nor yet on the manipulations of the oil barons, who put a high price upon fuel. Yet in spite of these harsh and external hindrances there are men—astute business men at that—who claim that the purchase of a 25 h.p. Rolls at £1,695 (the minimum price for a standard saloon) represents a genuine economy, because the car is so cheap to maintain, and will always command its secondhand value if the market should stiffen against you. It is the custom of the Rolls engineers to allot a name to each new model, and they display a pardonable preference for titles drawn from a superstitious past; we have had the "Silver Ghost," and the "Phantom"; and this new 25 h.p. is offered as the "Wraith." They were presumably thinking solely of silent passage. For Webster defines a wraith as a guardian angel (which a safe and trusty car may well be); or an apparition of a person in his exact likeness, seen either immediately before or immediately after his death (surely the Communist revelation in Britain is hardly so near as that?); or as an unreal image—and possibly this Rolls is almost too good to be true.

Its predecessor was so good that until one takes the air in this car it is difficult to imagine why such radical re-design has been thought necessary; perhaps because the unco' rich must have the very latest, and were keeping the late model too long? Technically its *motif* is the ever-familiar Rolls objective—to supply plutocrats and princelings with a car in which they can travel without being perpetually reminded that they are travelling aboard a swift-moving platform, propelled by an explosion engine, and controlled by human effort. The chassis is very large, very stiff and very light; almost any coachbuilder's body could be mounted upon it without fear of creakings and grindings; and corpulent occupants will never be cramped in it. The engine has been altered in many particulars to generate from familiar dimensions the utmost maximum of power divorced from noise on the one hand, and roughness on the other. The performance in terms of speed and acceleration and climb is high, though not higher than that of sundry coarse rivals of the same nominal power. It is the nuances of the performance which set this car on a pinnacle of its own; for its violent transport emits no sound more clamorous than the sigh of a maiden at beholding some spectacle too lovely to be applauded in words. It is in fact a magic carpet, transformed into a steel box for use in a climate where a magic carpet would alternately freeze or char its fortunate occupants, and on roads where collisions are possible, and metal protection is advisable.

The suspension is as noticeable as the silkiness. Long semi-elliptic springs astern have their action meticulously adjusted to independent front wheel springing, the whole controlled by shock absorbers automatically adjusting themselves to the load and speed and surface of the moment, with a master hand control by which the ruder kind of driver may tighten up his suspension to suit handling unworthy of a dream car. When the pedal brake is operated, the gentlest imaginable pressure of the shoe-sole brings a stationary disc into contact with a moving disc driven by skew gears off the gear box; and engine power then applies admirably balanced brake-shoes in all four wheel drums. Every control is equally efficient, equally elaborate, equally effortless in action. If the size and price of the car were not so formidable, it would be the pluperfect vehicle on which grandmother might essay to get rid of her L plates. Small wonder that the hallmark of the advancing plutocrat, the aspiring royalty and the social climber alike is to own a Rolls. Small wonder, too, that when these magnificent cars at last grow senile, they are snapped up by taxi concerns for hire work, partly no doubt from sheer snobbishness, because customers love to ride in a Rolls; but also because the taxi-man knows that if even a senile Rolls is given the once-over annually, it will never let his fares down.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 459

Set by T. W. Earp

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for the best apocryphal anecdote, of not more than 300 words, from an imaginary book of memoirs, concerning Tennyson, Gladstone, Jowett or Whistler.

No. 460

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea for the best set of verses (limit 16 lines) designed to hang in a station waiting room, a cell for drunks, a pawnbroker's shop, a pin-table saloon, or a casual ward.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, December 30th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 457

Set by Geoffrey Parsons

We offer the usual prizes for the best set of couplets for inclusion as mottoes in Christmas crackers to be pulled by any three of the following:—Count Ciano, Mr. Ogilvie, James Agate, Bonnet, Lord Nuffield, Madame Tabouis, Auden and Isherwood, Trotsky, Shirley Temple, Vernon Bartlett, Streicher and Sir Thomas Beecham.

Report by Geoffrey Parsons

The cracker motto, apparently, is a form of literature with which NEW STATESMAN readers are not familiar. Most of the fifty-four competitors sent in very un-crackery personalities which would be pertinent only if read by the intended recipient. I wanted mottoes not specifically addressed to the people on my list, but particularly applicable to them. The following, therefore, though worth quoting, were out of the running for a prize:

Mr. Ogilvie.
O, come full circle! Be prepared
T'offend the prudes that πr^2. (Sans Souci)

Streicher.
Why did you pull? It's untotalitarian
To celebrate the birth of a non-aryan. (L. W. Bailey)
Peace on earth and mercy mild?
Not for Mrs. Streicher's child! (Perkins)

Agate.
It's not *only* Mister Ervine
Who dislikes the stuff you're servin'. (Alan R. Thomas)

Auden and Isherwood.
Come, let's rejoice amidst the nuts and wine
To think your verse gets more and more like mine. (L. W. Bailey)

Ciano.
This, too, was a sort of Axis
Look at it when tension taxes. (Richard Pomfret)
It needs more skill than I can tell
To play the second fiddle well! (Mrs. D. Thomas)

After eliminating the couplets which weren't in the motto tradition, and those which weren't good anyway, I was left with these:

Shirley Temple.
Sex-appeal heroes glare and flappers heed them
But in our hearts a little child shall lead them. (R. S. Jaffray)

Honey is sweet and so are toffees
But 'tis sweeter still to be big box-office (A. N. Reay)
Only the rosebud smiling fortune collars
Full blown roses don't bring in the dollars. (Pax)

Auden and Isherwood.
A nursery tale and eke a bed-time story
May help a child to grow to manhood's glory. (Sursum Cauda)

Agate.
What can be fairer or rarer
Than an incomparable Sarah? (L. M. J.)
Beware how hateful is the self
So put your Egos on the shelf. (Little Molly)
Let us to the theatre go, and then write out the French we know
Not a word about the show but just Ego! Ego! Ego!
(A. N. Reay)

Cian.
Tunis dates and Spanish sherry
Make a Christmas truly merry. (J. C. B. Date)

Nuffield.
In charity is still the truest wealth
And he spends best who spends not on himself. (L. G. Lowry)
That man of business shows himself most wise
Who spends on earth for mansions in the skies. (Pax)

Mr. Ogilvie.
If Christmas Day a Sunday be
Let fun deferred to Monday be. (J. C. B. Date)

Tabouis.
He who mingles facts with guesses
Sometimes hits more often misses. (Little Molly)

No competitor had three successful entries and I recommend that the prizes be divided equally between Pax, Little Molly, A. N. Reay and J. C. B. Date.

GEOFFREY PARSONS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 312.—OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

"Like to get off the beaten track?" asked Humpty-Dumpty.

"Where to?" asked Alice.

"Nowhere in particular," said Humpty-Dumpty. "Just off, that's all." He looked at Alice severely. "Take this down, child."

Alice obediently produced slate and pencil.

"The square of LA," said Humpty-Dumpty, "is EEL."

"I can never do those things," said Alice.

"Never's a long time," said Humpty-Dumpty. "The square of AL," he resumed, "is OBOL. And don't jump to conclusions."

"I never do," answered Alice diffidently.

"Don't answer back," retorted Humpty-Dumpty. "Multiply EE by LL, and let me know the answer the day after yesterday."

What is the answer?

PROBLEM 310.—WHEN THE RUBBER WAS OVER

Solution by E. J. Russell

To find how many cards Charles and Clara have drawn we have to find integral solutions of the equation $\frac{x(x-1)}{y(y-1)} = 1$

The only solutions, for $x < 52$, are $x = 3, 15$; $y = 4, 21$. Thus Charles has 21 cards, 15 red; Clara, 4, 3 red. For Connie's cards, we have the equation

$$\frac{x(x-1)(x-2)(x-3)}{y(y-1)(y-2)(y-3)} = \frac{1}{2}$$

giving $x = 7$, $y = 8$.

Thus Charles has 21 cards, of which 15 are red.
Clara ,, 4 ,, ,, 3 ,,
Connie ,, 8 ,, ,, 7 ,,
∴ *Mary has 19 cards, of which only one is red.*

My best wishes for Christmas to all solvers.

CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

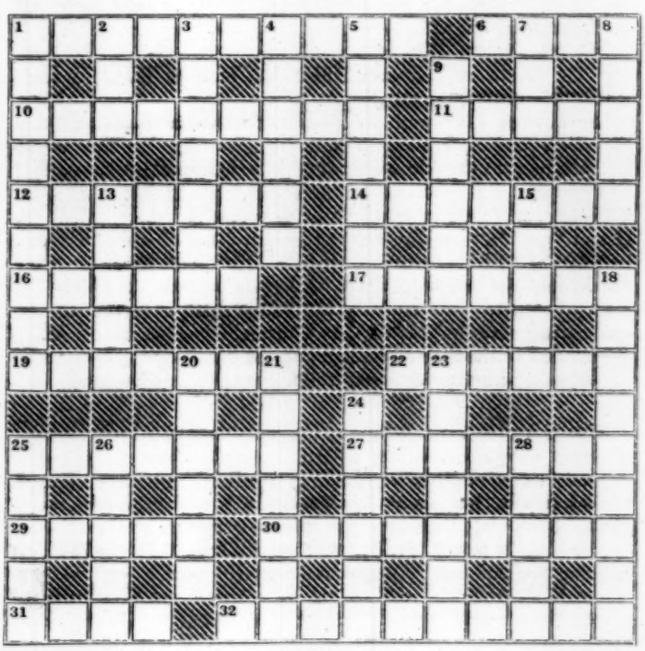
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 459

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

F. Parker, 12 Castle Terrace, Berwick-on-Tweed

ACROSS

WHO SAID:

1. Thank God I have done my duty. (10)
6. Carthago delenda est. (4)
10. There is no resurrection. (9)
11. There's *plenty* of room. (5)
12. It's all right this time. (7)
14. Quack. (7)
16. I came because your horse would come. (6)
17. O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. (7)
19. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful. (7)
22. The Greatest Show on Earth. (6)
25. Dr. Livingstone, I presume. (7)
27. It was not like your great and gracious ways. (7)
29. Bring me my bow. (5)
30 (rev.) An olive branch sprouting from a forest of 8,000,000 bayonets. (9)
31. King Midas has ass's ears. (4)
32. Stand up, Guards. (10)

DOWN

1. When the swan song was sung. (9)
2. The hue stops. (3)
3. Fishy sons of Poseidon? (7)
4. Two sheltering from the wind. (6)
5. Is close to the bone. (7)
7. Married a prophet's daughter. (3)
8. Usual kind of water wave. (5)
9. Maple's specimen. (6)
13. The vet. was about a quid in. (5)
15. Falsehood in an undesirable person perhaps. (5)
18. He isn't as a rule a mere log-roller. (9)
20. The rise of an enchanter. (6)
21. Yes, a win is essential in this. (7)
23. Although the Navy played its part in the band. (7)
24. The way the road winds to the finish. (6)
25. Clothing disordered, yet not in the least drunk. (5)
26. One might have a wide one overhead. (5)
28. Attack by a working film actor? (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKETS AND STERLING—OIL SITUATION—WAR RISK INSURANCE

THE general freeze this week has extended to the Stock Exchange. Business has fallen away and prices are generally lower, particularly in the gilt-edged market, where 3½ per cent. War Loan has fallen to 97⅞. There are various reasons for the gilt-edged weakness. There is still a return flow of French funds to Paris, which is prompted not only by signs of returning confidence in French industry, but by increasing fears of the stability of sterling and the tightening-up of money rates incidental to the year end. It is common knowledge that the British authorities themselves are nervous about sterling. The Government, for example, has reimposed this week its unofficial control over foreign investment. Why it ever relaxed its control in February is something of a mystery. That the Treasury should have allowed Philip Hill and Partners to repurchase Woolworth shares held in America and a fixed trust group to form a unit trust in Wall Street stocks is now recognised as an error of judgment, even though the sterling dollar rate was about 5.00 when the control was relaxed last February. To-day at 4.65 sterling is still looking far from strong. While the Empire producers of raw materials are perforce restricting output, the trade balance of the sterling area must inevitably tend to weaken sterling, and the next European crisis will lead to a further efflux of foreign funds. These are not bull points for any Stock Exchange market.

* * *

Curiously enough, the exceptionally long period of mild autumn weather in the United States has been responsible for a marked improvement in the statistical position of the oil industry. Gasoline stocks as at December 10th had actually been reduced to a point 2,000,000 barrels below the corresponding level of 1937. Seeing that at the end of March last gasoline stocks were approximately 11,000,000 larger than at the same time last year, this is quite an extraordinary improvement. It will obviously be necessary to curtail refining operations now that winter conditions have returned, but it is satisfactory that the producers in Texas have retained their five-day week and that crude oil stocks are 34,000,000 barrels or 11 per cent. below the level of December, 1937. Fuel oil stocks remain, of course, excessive, being 30,000,000 barrels or 25 per cent. above those of 1937, but, if America is to freeze like England, the fuel oil demand for heating purposes will begin to make inroads into these stocks. Moreover, if the industrial recovery continues at a rapid pace next year, the present high level of fuel oil stocks will be an advantage in view of the extraordinarily low level of crude oil stocks. This improvement in the statistical position should not lead investors to suppose that American oil company earnings have yet improved. Gasoline prices remain at their lowest: the only improvement has been in the price of fuel oil. In fact, this will be a bad year for American oil companies. In the first nine months the earnings of twenty-three representative companies were 41½ per cent. below the corresponding figures for 1937. Nevertheless, I would not now disturb long-term holdings of American oil companies, except possibly by exchange from the Californian companies, which have been prospering from the heavy sales of gasoline to Japan at a premium, into the shares of more depressed companies east of the Rockies which can now look forward to better times. British and international companies will be better off this year than American. British petrol prices are now 1*d.* per gallon lower than the average for 1937, but consumption is slightly larger. The heavy fall in spot fuel oil prices will not affect this year the large combines, such as Royal Dutch, Shell and Anglo-Iranian, so badly as might be expected as they sell their fuel oil largely under long-term contracts. Fuel oil contracts now being negotiated will, of course, be at a lower price and will, therefore, affect 1939 oil earnings adversely. The following table gives the different yields on the possible dividends:

	Price of Share.	Gross Yield on Estimated Dividend.
Anglo-Iranian Oil £1	4½	£5 11 0% on 25%
		£5 0 0% on 22½%
Burmah Oil £1	4 3/16	£6 0 0% on 22½%
		£5 6 9% on 20%
Shell Transport & Trading £1	4 1/16	£6 15 9% on 20% t.f.
		£5 18 9% on 17½% t.f.
Trinidad Leaseholds £1 ..	4⅝	£6 2 0% on 27½%
		£5 10 9% on 25%

At the moment Trinidad Leaseholds, which has already reduced its dividend from 30 per cent. to 27½ per cent., is more likely to maintain its rate of distribution.

* * *

The November figure of building plans approved conforms to least sanguine expectations. As compared with a year ago, the decline in total building is nearly 21 per cent. Factory plans, reflecting in the main presumably armament contracts, are still up in comparison with November, 1937, but house building is 30 per cent. down. The considerable building activity in Scotland and the North of England, which has recently offset to some extent the decline in the South, now appears to be dwindling. From a 1938 May peak of £6,182,000, house building plans approved have now sunk to under £3,700,000. In this slump a factor of considerable importance is the absence at present of any facilities for insuring building property against war risks. Whenever the international situation takes a critical turn, the task of securing mortgage loans to finance the purchase of property becomes difficult. In consequence, values are depressed. More important, the uninsurability of houses against bombing has evidently led to some doubt in the public mind as to the security of building societies' assets. As a result, there has been a sharp contraction in the flow of savings into the hands of the institutions on whose lending power house building activity largely depends.

* * *

War risks are actuarially too incalculable a factor for the insurance companies to be willing to underwrite the £10,000 millions' worth of Britain's building property. The Government, I understand, has under consideration the suggestion that it should co-operate with the companies in assuming the lion's share of war risks in return for the proceeds of a special Stamp Duty on existing fire policies. An alternative plan is that a war risk premium fund should be established by a State loan of substantial amount whose service would be met by a surcharge on all Schedule "A" Income Tax assessments. Whatever means be adopted, it seems clearly desirable that the Government should provide facilities for insurance against war dangers; and it would appear to be essential that all building property should contribute towards the cost of insuring against dangers whose degree depends obviously to a widely varying extent on geographical situation.

Company Meeting

CARRERAS, LIMITED

THE thirty-fifth annual general meeting of Carreras, Limited, was held on December 19th at Arcadia Works, London.

Mr. Edward S. Baron (chairman and managing director of the company), who presided, said (in part):

The net profit for the year, after charging all expenses including the full amount of Advertising and making full provision for depreciation on buildings, plant and machinery is £1,604,634, an increase of £253,038 on the previous record reported last year. The amount brought forward was £1,026,671, making the total sum available £2,631,305.

A contribution to the Superannuation Fund for the men has been provided for on the usual basis, and your Directors propose that a further sum of £20,000 should be allocated to the Female Staff Pension Fund, making the Fund £45,656.

After making provision for Income Tax and National Defence Contribution, the Preference Shares dividends and a dividend on all classes of Ordinary Shares at the same rate as last year, there remains a balance of £1,484,681, to be carried forward.

Your Directors have come to the conclusion that a further step should be taken towards adjusting the Capital of the Company. They therefore recommend that £1,240,100 be capitalised, which will permit of bonus shares being distributed in the proportion of four "B" Ordinary Shares for each Ordinary and/or "A" Ordinary Share and one "B" Ordinary Share for every two "B" Ordinary Shares held by Shareholders on the 4th January, 1939.

A notice calling an Extraordinary General Meeting to be held on the 4th January for the purpose of increasing the Capital and authorising the bonus distribution was sent to you with the Report and Accounts.

In the industry to which we belong there has been and continues to be strong but healthy competition. The results of the past year, however, show that our brands have steadily grown in public favour; our Home sales have expanded in all parts of the country, and Export Sales have also increased in spite of the very difficult world conditions. Members of the Board have visited U.S.A., Canada and Continental countries during the year.

With regard to the coming year, I am happy to say that so far, sales are in advance of the same period a year ago—and, if general conditions remain fairly normal, your directors hope to be able to maintain and still further develop the prosperity of your business.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly: with dinner, 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 gns. weekly. Vic. 7289.

TORQUAY. Howden Court Hotel. Ideal for people on leave. Sun lounge. Private bath and sitting rooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

MENDIPS. Xmas holidays. 17th cent. Guest House, run by Anglo-French family, open fires, electricity, constant hot water, good cooking. 2½ gns. Xmas, 12s. 6d. p.d. WYNDHAM, Shepton Mallet, 57.

ASHDOWN FOREST, THE CLOCK HOUSE, NUTLEY, Sussex. A delightful GUEST HOUSE in 7 acres. Central heating, open fires, running hot and cold water, electric light, garage, own garden produce, chickens, eggs and milk. Good chef. Special terms for autumn and winter. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

REDUCED Winter terms at White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Central heating, open fires, running H. & C. Rottingdean 9614.

BEXHILL ON SEA. Homely board-residence. Two guineas weekly. Ideal quiet holiday or convalescence. Bracing but mild, maximum sunshine. York House, 29 Cantelupe Road.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House, Claremont Road. Facing south and sea. Central heating, gas fires and h. and c. water in bedrooms. Vegetarian.

ENGLISH LAKES. Reduced winter rates for comfortable and delightfully varied accommodation at Langdale Estate, including well-equipped furnished cottages with hot water and electric light. Special Christmas Programme. Squash Rackets Court. Café-Restaurant. Recreation Room. Booklet (N) from: LANGDALE ESTATE, Great Langdale, near Ambleside.

TORQUAY, SEASCAPE HOTEL. Beautifully situated; central position. Established 20 years. Southern aspect with full view of Torbay. Our reputation for good English fare has always been a noted feature. Individual diets studied. Hot and cold water. Radiators, gas or electric fires; central heating throughout. Lounges sunny and well heated. Comfortable beds. Hard tennis courts, croquet, miniature golf course, games' room. Garage, private park and gardens. Summer terms from 3½ gns. Considerable winter reduction on application. Resident Director: MRS. HARRISON.

EDINBURGH, 4 Rothesay Place. Central. Good beds. Personal supervision. MCGREGOR. 'Phone: 23601.

BOURNEMOUTH. Guests received in lady's well appointed house. Good cooking; h. and c. all bedrooms; 100 yards from sea. MACGREGOR, 36 Pinecliffe Avenue, W. Southbourne, Bournemouth. Telephone: Southbourne 1801.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 1103

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

BRIGHTON (Saltdean). Comfortably furnished brick bungalow from 18s. 6d. Particulars: 25 Church Crescent, London, N.20. Enterprise 2628.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service.

GLORIOUS COTSWOLDS. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre for rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 gns.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

SKI on Mont Aigoual (5,000 ft.), Cevennes, France, while you finish writing that novel. Very quiet hotels. Grand Hotel or Relais de L'Observatoire, L'Esperou, Gard.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7s. inclusive.

SMALL, PRIVATE WINTER SPORTS PARTY to SEDRUN, GRISONS, invites few more. Attractive village, long hours of SUNSHINE. Leaves February 4th. Fortnight. Box 3602.

ACCOMMODATION

BEAUTIFULLY appointed service rooms with baths and breakfast from 5s. 6d. per night. Double from 50s. per week. 29 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5. Flax. 1181.

A BACK WITH A VIEW. Over lovely gardens. Tennis. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25s., bed b'fast; 37s. 6d., part board. Also FLATLETS (unfurn.). Alcove basins. Kitchenettes, private baths from 18s. 6d. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

EXCEPTIONALLY attractive double room, 30s. each, part board. Also single room with private bath Eight week sub-let, £2 2s. p.w. PRI. 6466.

HOLLAND PARK. Modern rooms with breakfast, 25s. Constant hot water. Quiet house. 1 min. Central London Tube. 19 Clarendon Road. Park 7016.

HYDE PARK, 41 Cambridge Terrace, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5s. 6d. nightly with breakfast, from 23s. 6d. weekly.

BLOOMSBURY. Board-residence. Moderate terms. Anglo-American management. MR. and MRS. CRAFTON HARRIS, 15 Gordon Street, W.C.1.

EARLS COURT. Comfortable room ground floor maisonette, private family; 25s. with breakfast; 17s. 6d. sharing. FLAxman 0296.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

IF you find Town too dear and noisy or suburbs too dull you would probably be happier at Welwyn. Houses in this pleasant little Hertfordshire town (30 minutes from King's Cross) are for sale for £700 to £3,000 or to rent from £66 to £200 p.a. Illustrated details on request from N. S. WILLIAMS, The Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden 248.

LARGE, self-contained family flat adjoining Hampstead Heath. Tenants moved to country. Offer reduced rent for one year. Box 3608.

WELL-HEATED furnished flat wanted for January. 2 or 3 rooms, b. & k., c.h.w., telephone; c.h. desirable. 'Phone Wasserman, HAM. 1952.

APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Senate invite applications for the University Chair of English Language and Literature tenable at King's College. Salary £1,000 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on February 13, 1939, by the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1, from whom further particulars should be obtained.

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